

THE SCYTHES OF THE NORTH

1875

THE SCYTHES OF THE NORTH



Class 22

Book 22

*This Book dedicated to my Father and
Mother and to all fathers and mothers
who have sons in the Rainbow Division*

Rainbow Hoosier

Author

Elmer W. Sherwood

Illustrated by

Captain Russel Cottingham

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Foreword

RAINBOW-HOOSIER is a word produced by the war, and though hyphenated words are in disfavor thruout America, this particular name has become very popular, for in this case the hyphen couples two purely American words representing Yankee fighting men.

Indiana has one of the greatest military records in the history of the nation and the present war has contributed a new luster to that noble age. The members of the 150th Field Artillery therefore feel honored that they were permitted to be the first Hoosier Regiment sent to France and the first Indiana outfit to go into battle. As for the Rainbow part of the name, the loyalty of the Hoosier troops to the 42nd Division is unbounded. As the colors of the Rainbow, so the units of 26 states blend into a whole, in the Rainbow Division.

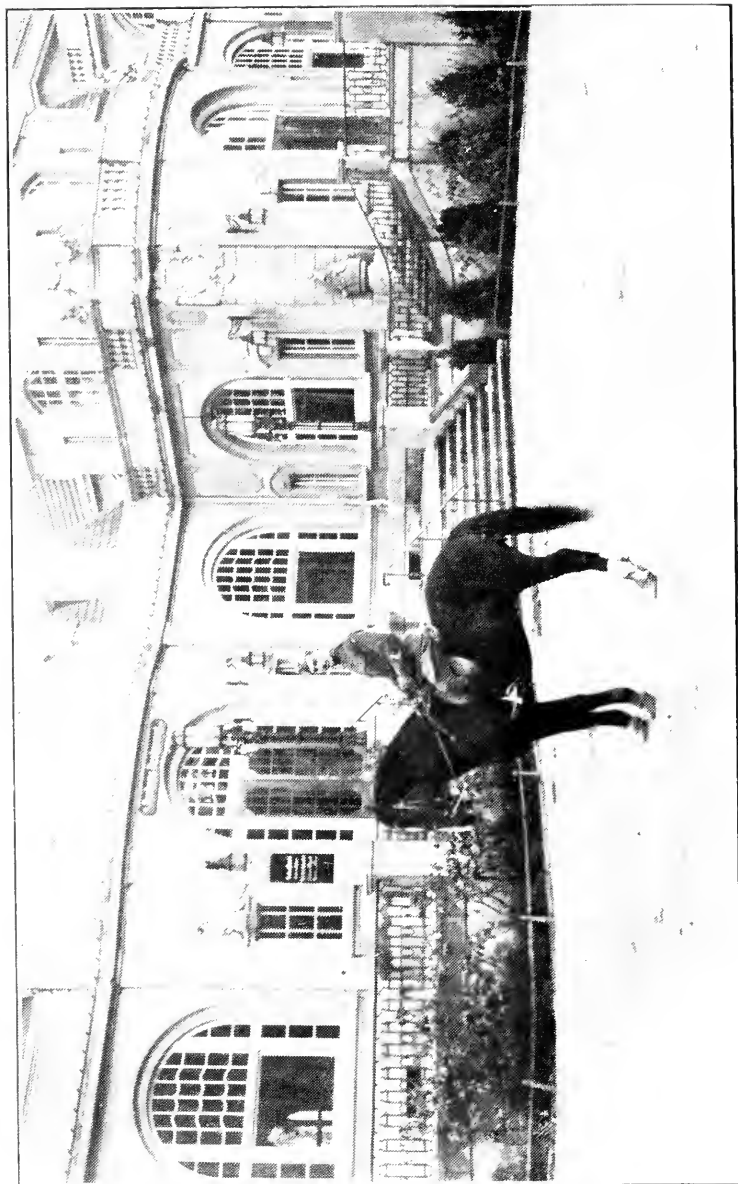
In the first stage of the war the American Expeditionary Forces were composed of volunteers, men from every walk of life, who responded to the first call. They were men of all sorts united by the cause and the na-

tion for which they fought, and all having the adventurous spirit which has always characterized the first volunteers of any war.

Coming over before everything was fully organized the Hoosiers experienced many hardships, peculiar to pioneering; but they were ready for them. When the regiment was sent across everybody thought that it was unreasonable to expect them to match in bravery and efficiency the veterans of the other participants; but after taking a hand in the fighting we found that the soldiers we had read of so much, were only human after all, and the confidence in the American Army became greater and the national pride so increased that we began to see things in the Yankee way and came to believe we were equal to any of them. From the spirit of wanting to see others display their valor we progressed to a spirit of desiring to "show 'em" what we could do.

Up to the present war the Crusaders furnished the best example of adventurous men journeying to a distant land to fight for an ideal. They visited foreign lands of which they had had only slight conception,

thereby their view of life and the world was infinitely broadened. They returned to their homes with education and enlightenment which brought light to the dark ages and caused them to blossom into the Renaissance. Pershing's Crusaders will, after the victory, return with broadened visions which may compel the event of universal peace and the brotherhood of men.



COL. ROBT. H. TYNDALL

Commander of the 150th F. A. (Rainbow Division) from August, 1917
until mustering out at Camp Taylor, May, 1919

CHAPTER I.

Rookie Days.

IT had been a strenuous week chasing the Huns before the Ourcq. In fact we Artillerymen could hardly understand how our doughboys could keep up the killing pace, nevertheless, we brought up the Howitzers as quickly as possible through the days and nights over muddy roads. We would pull into position and fire as long as the Boche remained within our range (which was never long at a time).

It so happened that we outran our supplies, and on this particular day we had eaten only a little bacon and a few dried peaches, so we were very hungry. We were firing intermittently as dusk fell, when one of the boys spied a mess cart coming across the field in our direction. But it proved to be a cart belonging to the 17th Field Artillery of the 4th Division, which regiment was also at this time under the command of Colonel Tyndall, and located along side our positions. The new regiment had come up to relieve the 150th Field Artillery and



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at the same time to receive some instruction from the older unit before it left the front.

As this outfit was on the front for the first time, the Hoosiers, who were not busy at the guns, put their heads together to figure out a way of obtaining some of the other regiment's chow for themselves. Fortune favored them for just then the sirens and klaxons began sounding the gas alarm.

A new outfit is always extremely cautious and at the same time excitable, so when the din of the alarm arose the rookies donned their masks amid wild cries of "Gas"! When gas is detected along any part of the front the alarm is sounded and is passed on throughout the entire sector as a warning. Therefore, when the alarm was sounded the old heads simply swung their masks to the alert, upon their chests, where they would be handy in case the gas was detected in their immediate vicinity.

Every time a whining shell exploded in our territory, even if a quarter of a mile away, the men of the new regiment would fall flat, consequently they were doing nothing but bobbing up and down, and the cooks were in no state of mind to question the

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strangers, who lined up among the rookies to be served. To make success a certainty, however, the old timers also put their masks on and then they could not be distinguished from Adam. The Hoosiers got their mess pans filled with hot chow and cups filled with coffee and returned to their fox holes in a nearby ravine, where they ate ravenously amid the cracking of jokes about how wise they were and how rookiefied others were.

But as our minds revert to our own rookie days we must admit that the men from whom we had promoted the chow were no greener than many of us who enlisted in the old First Indiana Regiment of Field Artillery upon the declaration of war, and who began our military service when the regiment was assembled at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indianapolis, August 5, 1917.

Our first craving was for uniforms. How could a fellow feel like a real soldier with only an army hat and a pair of leggins to go with his civilian clothes? Old-timers with extra uniforms, acquired at the border, sold us blouses, shoes, hats and trousers at exorbitant prices, and one fellow was

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inveigled into buying a boy scout outfit, which he thought was a regulation uniform. Finally, however, our problem was settled when the State of Indiana sold us complete equipment.

In these days when we were told to go on camp police we thought we should carry billies and if assigned to kitchen police we rather expected to be initiated into a lodge. The first row of tents we pitched was as straight as a rail fence. At about this time also our series of inoculations began. A shot in the arm became almost a daily occurrence. Reveille was about the hardest thing for us to become accustomed to. After going to sleep to the strains of some agonized melody, issuing from a neighboring tent, one was not disposed to rise merely at the sound of a bugle. When the Top Cutter yelled "Fall in," a careful observer might detect one fellow minus a leggin, another without his hat, and about ninety per cent of the remainder half asleep. Evenings would see the offenders policing up the camp long after union hours, vowing meanwhile to never let it happen again.

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When we joined the First Indiana, we were not only attracted by the spread eagle oratory of patriotic speakers, but the slogan "join the artillery and ride" looked good. However, this proved "the most unkindest cut of all," for on the very first day we began the drill affectionately called squads east and west.

Soon we began to acquire that vague something spoken of in military books as *esprit de corp*. We were beginning to have a pride in the regiment, which we learned was to be incorporated into the Rainbow (42d) Division, then being organized, and already under orders for early service in France. The regiment's name was to be changed from the First Indiana Field Artillery to the 150th Field Artillery. To be chosen a unit of this crack division was a signal honor, since only the pick of the National Guard troops of the nation were to be selected. The distinction came to the First Indiana because of its fine record as well as the high class of its personnel. In the Spanish-American war a battery went under the name of the Twenty-seventh Volunteer Battery, equipped with 3.2-inch

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guns. On the border the First Battalion had made one of the best records of the entire army with its three-inch guns.

The officers were all veterans of the organization having enlisted as privates at the beginning of their military service, which varied from two to thirteen years, and in the course of time they had attended various artillery schools of the country. Upon the declaration of war the regiment was expanded into two battalions of three batteries each, light field artillery. Finally, when designated as heavy field artillery of the Rainbow Division, its organization was changed to include three battalions of two batteries each.

At this time our daily schedule left us very few idle hours and our muscles began to toughen with the daily calisthenics, drilling and the manual of arms, and marching. The reward for these days of hard work and practice came September 2d when a great crowd from every part of the State came to Indianapolis to cheer us along the line of march of our farewell parade.

CHAPTER II.

Camp Mills.

“EVEN the clouds weep at your departure,” said a little girl as the regiment entrained at Fort Harrison for the journey to Long Island, while the rain poured down September seventh, however, we were far from being unhappy on that day, for at last we were started on the first stage of our journey to France.

We were fortunate to get Pullmans for the journey and after our strenuous month of drilling we could appreciate our comforts. Many were the innocent victims who received their first lessons in the old army game as the train sped through the Lehigh Valley and past the beautiful Lake Seneca.

We arrived at Camp Mills, Long Island, on the evening of the ninth, where we took our places in the Rainbow's tented city. The wind-swept and dusty plain upon which our camp was situated was not an ideal location, but we made our battery streets attractive by covering them with gravel.

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Two days in the week we were given time off, and we took advantage of such days by going on pass to the nearby towns of Hempstead and Garden City, or to New York. The wonders of the big city attracted the greater majority, and natives of such Hoosier cities as Tulip and Columbia City became more familiar with Coney, Sherrys' and the Winter Garden than the staid New Yorkers themselves. Others preferred to mingle in the fashionable society of the Island, attending the functions of the dowagers, who simply had to help win the war some way. Naturally, we shone with brilliancy at these affairs, aided by our newly acquired army manners and our heavy army shoes which so greatly facilitated our dancing upon the slippery hardwood floors.

Two entertainments, greatly enjoyed by all of us, were those given by the 151st F.A. and the 149th F.A. In the division, besides special and auxiliary units, there were two brigades of infantry and one brigade of artillery. The brigade of artillery was the 67th, consisting of the 149th and 151st regiments of 75s, light field artillery, and the

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150th and 155th millimeter howitzers, light-heavy field artillery. To promote a feeling of comradeship among the men of the brigade, each regiment was to give an entertainment for the other two. We left Camp Mills for France before we could give our entertainments, but those of the Illinois and Minnesota outfits were great successes. They consisted of feasting, singing, rendering college yells, and in attending the vaudeville shows, which featured on the program, pugilists, black-faced artists, jazz bands and Oriental dancers.

In speaking of our diversions I do not wish to convey the idea that our path was strewn with roses, for the greater part of our time was spent in hard work. Our daily schedule called for eight hours of drill and our drill grounds were rough and broken, which made the drilling all the more exhausting. In fact, even the long hikes over the dusty Long Island roads came as a relief, though our dirty trips necessitated bathing under the ice-cold showers. The baths were protected from the chilly ocean breezes by thin canvas walls.

Though the drills were hard we realized

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their benefits when the entire division was reviewed by the Secretary of War. If we made good that day we knew that we would soon be sent "across," so every man was on his mettle. The Rainbow Division was the first tactical division assembled and reviewed in the United States after the declaration of war. The parade of the twenty-eight thousand men at Garden City made a great impression. The New York newspapers were overflowing with the division's praises and cited it as a proof of Uncle Sam's prowess and as a warning to the Kaiser.

Secretary Baker was impressed by the review, and though our numbers were not great in terms of European armies, our ranks contained more soldiers than were actually engaged in fighting in the Spanish-American war for the United States. It had been Mr. Baker's contention that a crack division could be formed from the pick of National Guard regiments and he found his dream on this day realized when the Rainbows, assembled from twenty-six states, passed in review before him.

CHAPTER III.

Dodging the U -Boats.

THE attractive title of this chapter had been used innumerable times by correspondents, authors, and other seekers of thrills before we entered the war. As a result of this many of us had the idea that a ship could not cross the water without several combats and narrow escapes. Especially was this true when we embarked upon our voyage as units of only two divisions, less than 40,000 men, had preceded us and the truth of the statements of Von Tirpiz and Hindenburg, who assured the German people that the submarines would not allow the Americans to transport great numbers of troops, had not been fully tested.

It was at 4:00 A. M., October 18, 1917, when the bugle sounded the last reveille at Camp Mills for us, and scarcely three hours later we were pulling out to the Garden City station, where we entrained for a short rail journey to the Hoboken docks. We had left all the tents standing, so that the camp

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appearance remained the same, and since we had departed so early in the morning, the people living about the camp did not realize for several hours that the camp was empty. At the docks the ferry boats were waiting to convey us to our transports. Some of the men thought that the ferries were going to take us to Europe, but they were disillusioned as we approached the docks where the fleet of great grey liners lay at anchor. What an inspiring sight were these monster ships, which our government had taken from the Germans and had converted into U.S. army transports. Old Glory flew from the staffs of every stern.

Our ship proved to be the President Lincoln, the ill-fated vessel which was sunk by a German submarine four months later. As each man set foot upon the gang plank of the former Hamburg-American liner, he was given a slip of paper upon which was printed his bunk and mess hall numbers.

The Lincoln had been converted into a transport with the aim of accommodating as many soldiers as possible, and with little consideration for comfort. Soon we began to hear the expression which tended to

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make life miserable, such as "Hot stuff coming through," "Gangway for a petty officer," and "You can't stand here" and "You can't lie there, you'll have to keep moving."

A conflict of emotions rose in our breasts as this monster of the deep weighed anchor and glided down the river to the sea. Glad to be on our way to do our share in the life struggle for democracy, yet reluctant to say farewell to all we held dear.

It was dark yet. Myriads of lights cast their reflections upon the water. They shone like diamonds from the countless windows of the skyscrapers which loomed up along the shore like mountains. It was New York to these hordes of khaki-clad youths, products of great, youthful, virile America. The world was surprised at the nation's response to the declaration of war. Yet it need not have been, for America is the land of enterprise and accomplishment. The history of her pioneers is a story of inspiration. It required real men to conquer the great west, real men to fight the elements in Alaska, energy and foresight to build our transcontinental railroads and the Panama Canal. The reason our great

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nation could offer its blood, wealth and all for ideals was because its men had a vision beyond that of older nations. This night our ships carrying 56,000 men slipped through the torpedo nets of the harbor and remained at anchor until morning, then, at 5:00 A. M., the transports weighed anchor and began the voyage.

The wonders of the ocean commanded our interest for a time; but on the third day out we encountered a rough sea and about ninety per cent of our number were filled with the commendable desire to feed the fish. "Two-bits he comes," became an expression not only of the crap game but of the deck. However, those who were not affected at the start managed to endure the indescribable scenes and kept up a hearty appetite.

We derived a great deal of amusement from the negro stevedores, who occupied a part of the ship. They were clad in brilliant brass-buttoned blue uniforms with scarlet-lined capes, which had been resurrected from Civil War days. They furnished clog-dancing and southern melodies upon the slightest provocation. One day they were forced to undergo the ordeal of a bath be-

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neath the hose on deck. It happened to be a chilly day and the prancing and yelling of the dusky Apollos was as funny as a circus.

At all times of the day we were required to wear our life preservers and at night we used them as pillows. There were so many men aboard that it required an entire day to feed the three meals. Each day the monotony of walking this never-ending mess line was varied by one hour of physical exercise and one hour of submarine drill.

By this time we refused to be worried about our chances of dodging submarines. In fact, only once was a sub sighted and it turned tail when one of our destroyers started after it. Nevertheless we learned our proper places on the decks and when the alarm sounded we lost no time in getting there.

For protection we had not only convoy of two destroyers and a cruiser, "Seattle," but our own transports were equipped with naval guns, manned by sailors. On the ninth day of the voyage these tars demonstrated their prowess at target practice. The targets, representing submarine periscopes, were drawn behind each vessel of

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the fleet and each gun of each vessel took its turn at firing, the ranges varying from a half-mile to two miles. All shots were close and many hits were made. A peculiar feature of firing on the water is that after a shell strikes the water and it disappears it will again emerge into the air and travel a mile or so farther, when it will again strike the sea with a splash resembling a water spout. The distance of this ricochet depends upon the angle of fire, the sailors say. The convoys ran down tramp steamers and searched all vessels which came within sight. Half-way out the steamer Grant, which carried the 167th (Alabama) Infantry of our division and incidentally contained the horses of our regiment, turned back as its boilers went bad.

The longer we were at sea the more we came to admire Columbus for sticking it out on his journey in a sailboat when the odds were against him. The monotony began to wear on us and the rolling of the ship became unpleasant. At any time one could look back over the fleet and see the giant steel vessels rocking in the rough sea, while life must have been miserable on the

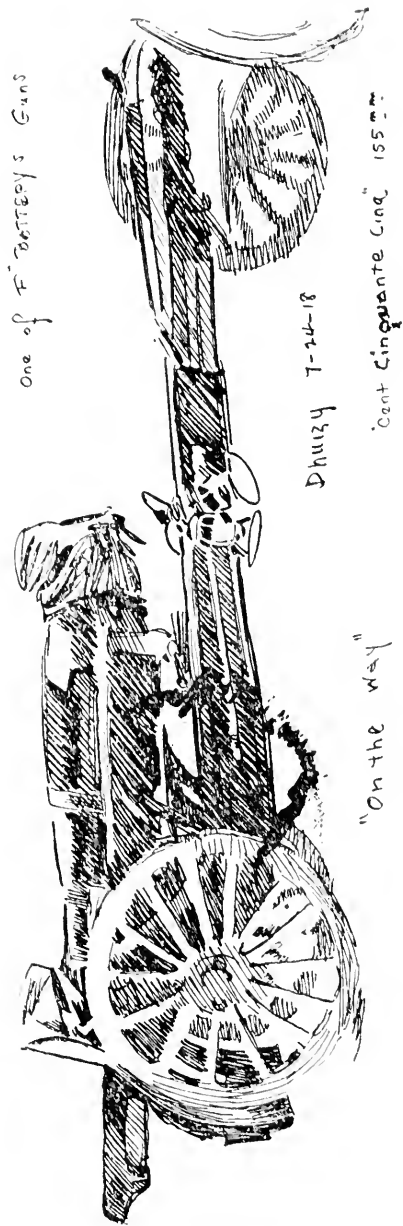
DODGING THE U-BOATS

destroyers, which were tossed about like chips and at times could not be seen beneath the waves.

On the 28th word was received that a U-boat was approaching the fleet. This occasioned some concern among the few higher officers, who had received the news, because the new convoy, which was scheduled to meet us on this day, had not yet arrived. We were following the usual zigzag course but at the news changed direction. Next day the convoy of eight additional destroyers, which were camouflaged so as to be almost indiscernable at a distance, joined us. As the fleet neared Belle Isle it was signalled to follow a submarine chaser, which guided our ships another course to avoid the submarines which were lying in wait in the path which we were to have taken.

When we went on deck the morning of the thirtieth, land was in view. Our life preservers, affectionately called sinkers, were now discarded, to our great relief. The following night, Halloween, we reached the port of St. Nazaire as the band played "Good-bye Broadway, Hello France."





One of F. Battery's Guns

Dhuizy 7-24-18

"On the way"

"Cent Cinquante Line" 155 mm

CHAPTER IV.

Somewhere in France.

DURING our four days of inaction aboard ship in the port, venders of chocolate and fruits acted as our medium with the shore. These poor people came out to us in their little boats, which were propelled by a single oar at the stern and operated by a person standing. We tied out hats to long ropes, dropped in some coin and lowered them down the side of the ship, where they were grasped by the wooden-shoed Frogs, who removed the money and replaced it with their wares. One had to be careful in bringing it back up that it didn't tip and spill the contents and also had to avoid the greedy hands sticking out of the portholes below.

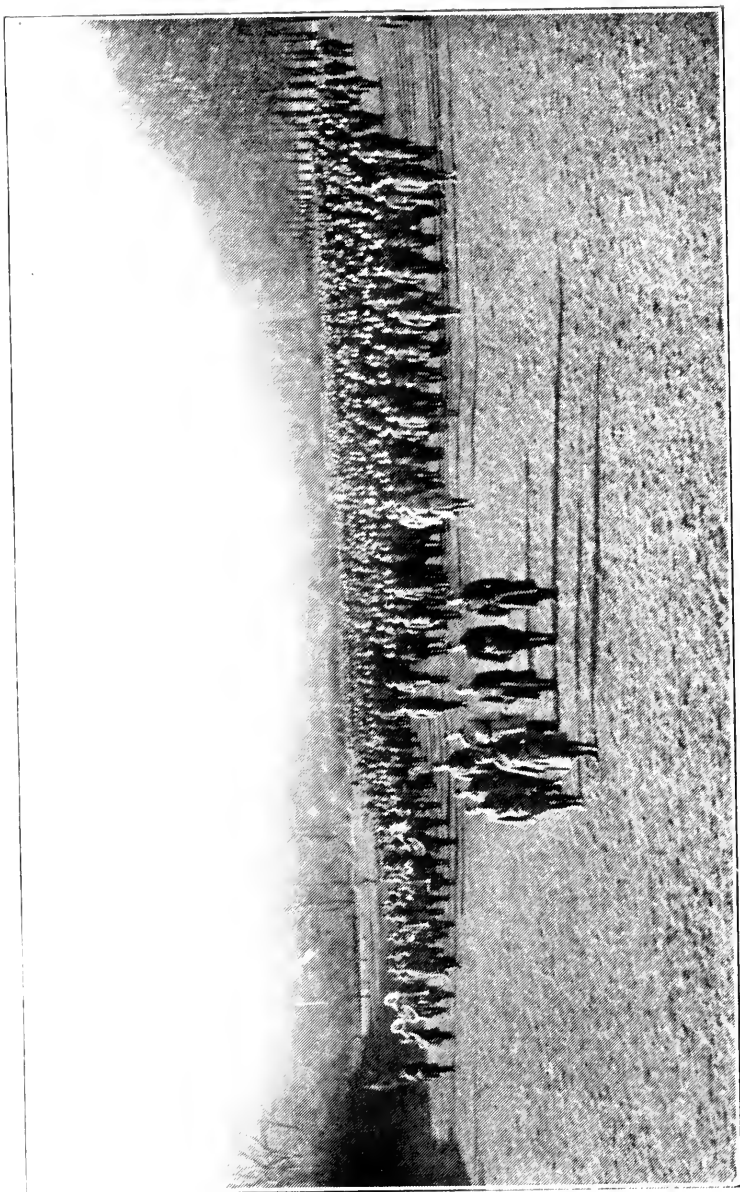
On the morning of November fifth, our entire brigade disembarked and marched to camp on the outskirts of the town. It was a great and glorious feeling to set foot on terra firma again and this time it was the soil of France; henceforth our address was covered by the general term of "Some-

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where in France." Our camp was the first of the so-called rest variety, many of which we were destined to occupy and to find that the only rest we were supposed to get was in the darkest night. Hikes, drills and engineering details were our forms of diversions.

St. Nazaire is a typical seaport town and we will remember it as the place where we were first introduced to the French language and vin rouge. Soon we acquired a few words of French and then expected to be understood by the shopkeepers. If they did not "Compree" we would become quite riled and were apt to claim that the Frogs simply refused to try to understand. Oftentimes one of them would start rattling off a string of French and the Yank would enter the argument with good old "United States" and an endurance contest would result.

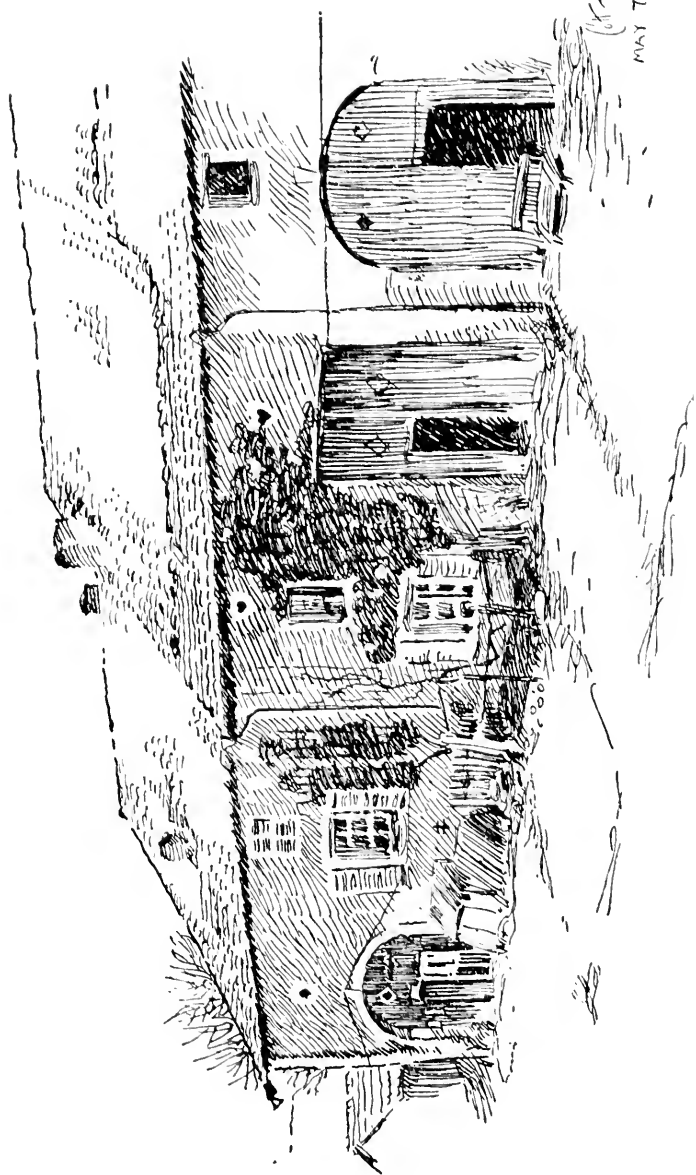
Some of the boys tried to get away with stage French, such as "Ze genteelman wish-ees some of zee food." However, our difficulties were no more insurmountable than those of the colored stevedores, for while we were held on the boat in port they espied darkies in French uniforms, thinking no



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doubt that here were some fellows who could give them some dope on French life; but imagine their disappointment when they landed and began talking to their dark brethren—"Why them boys is done gone looney or they ain't real niggers a tall, doan even know what booze is. I bet they doan know how to roll dem bones even."

In the small hours of November eighteenth we hiked to the station and boarded the funny little compartment coaches of a French railroad. After a long day's ride we arrived at Guer, where we detrained and began our hike to the training camp. When we reached our barracks that night our weary spirits were revived by receiving the first mail since leaving the States.



MAY 7. 1918

CHAPTER V.

Training at Camp Coctquidan.

CAMP COCTQUIDAN is one of the oldest artillery schools in France and is situated in the ancient province of Brittany. The buildings in the camp consisted of the old French barracks which had been used as prison camps and three large concrete buildings. The concrete buildings came to be used as a hospital by our brigade and the wooden barracks were destined to be our home for fourteen weeks. They were heated or were supposed to be heated by small stoves and our bunks were made on platforms which ran the length of the buildings on both sides. The entire camp had been deloused by the men of the second battalion which outfit had preceded the rest of the regiment a week for that purpose. Notwithstanding their effort, some of the men acquired these pests here for the first time.

The surrounding country is very attractive with its monotony broken by wooded and cultivated hills. The natives are not

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progressive, however, and live in houses built in past ages. They are, in fact, poorer than the inhabitants of any other district of France, using the methods of industry and agriculture long ago discarded in America. During our stay here we were allowed a few passes to Rennes, the ancient capital of Brittany. It is a more progressive city, and contains architecture of the modern age as well as of the past. Its main industry at this time was the making of munitions. Women ran the street cars and had taken the place of men in all sorts of industries. We came in contact with soldiers of almost all Allies, especially the Russians, whose hospitals were here. And let me say here that these men of the Russian legion who had been wounded on the French front were among the finest soldiers I ever saw. If the Russians had been properly directed and equipped they would have proved equal to the Germans on the Eastern front.

Along the road past Coctquidan many peddlers and tradesmen established shops, so that soon the route began to resemble a country fair, where we could buy everything from wine to souvenirs. Even

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Charles Chaplin made his appearance regularly at the cinema.

For four or five francs we could buy a meal consisting first of soup, a broth containing bits of bread. This was brought in a bowl from which one helped himself. The next course was a meat, steak, or perhaps a fish; if a fish, the head and tail was included. If one was lucky he might get chicken, though the chances were that he would have to wait until the hostess went out and caught it. Next came French fried potatoes, followed by a salad and often cheese and an apple. Often snails were served as a side dish. Pins were furnished as weapons with which to extract the meat from the tiny shells. A knife was always given with a loaf of bread, so that the diner might cut it himself. This delicate operation is executed by holding the loaf in the arms and cutting the slice at one stroke. Coffee was served if asked for. In reality it consisted of cognac, milk and a small proportion of coffee. A bottle of wine was, of course, always served at four or five francs additional cost. About all the French use water for is to wash clothes in. If one asked for

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it the waitress might have to make a special visit to the town pump.

From the first day our schedule at camp was strenuous, for we had only a limited time in which to learn how to man the new French six-inch howitzers, with which we were equipped. The 149th and 151st were, of course, receiving their instruction in the use of the French 75s at the same time. During our training period, Brigadier-General C. P. Summerall, who had been commander of the 67th Brigade since its organization, was promoted in rank to Major-General, and was given command of the First Division. Later he was made commander of the 5th Corps and he commanded it in the Meuse-Argonne offensive when we served in that unit.

Brigadier-General McKinstry succeeded him in command of our brigade and served in that capacity through the Lorraine Campaign. When in Champagne, on July thirteenth, he was succeeded by Brigadier-General George G. Gatley, who held the command until the armistice was signed.

Our divisional commanders were also frequently changed. Major-General Mann,

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who was placed in command of the division at its organization, returned to the States while we were in training at Coctquidan. Upon his return to America he made the statement that the 67th Brigade, consisting of the 149th (Illinois) and 151st (Minnesota) Regiments of light field artillery and the 150th (Indiana) Regiment of light-heavy field artillery, was the best brigade of artillery in France, regardless of the classifications, Regular Army, National Guard and National Army.

Major-General Charles T. Menoher now became our commander and he led the division through the war, receiving the highest credit from his superiors and being presented with the highest medals of honor bestowed by the American army and the Allies. When he was promoted to a higher position, Major-General Rhodes, Brigadier-General Douglas MacArthur, and Major-General C. F. A. Flagler succeeded to the command in turn.

Colonel Robert H. Tyndall, of Indianapolis, commanded the regiment from its organization to the day it was mustered out. At Camp Mills, the guard who was walking

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post before the Colonel's tent, was confronted by a man past middle age, who wanted to know if this was where Robert Tyndall was bunking. When he received an affirmative answer he entered the tent. He emerged an hour later wearing a broad smile and he addressed the guard, "Say, Buddy, he knew me the first thing. You see we were bunkies together back in '98 in Porto Rico, and, believe me, he didn't have a big tent like this one. No siree, he was a plain old buck private like yourself," and he went on his way chuckling and murmuring, "Same old Robert." The buck started and thought, "Gee whiz, a buck; wonder if he kept his puts shined up then like he does now."

That illustrated the military career of the Colonel "Bob," for he had kept in the military life since he had joined Battery A, 1st Indiana Field Artillery, in the Spanish-American war days. He held every rank up to major, in which capacity he served on the Mexican border, and in the natural course of events he became commander of Indiana's Rainbow Regiment when the United States declared war on Germany.

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Our instructors were French officers and sergeants, who had been in the fighting from the start of the war. Several enlisted men of the First Division were also detailed to teach us what they had learned of the art in the quiet sectors which they had occupied.

Our course was enlarged when the horse boats arrived and the famous command "stand to heel" became an obsession. However, we had received our hardest knocks in horseback riding at Fort Harrison and we knew we could stick on any of the wild ones here. We began to be divided into special classes, for instance, the cannoneers learned the operation of the pieces, the drivers learned to harness their teams and to maneuver the pieces into different positions, while signal men specialized in telephone and wireless.

Soon after Thanksgiving when our corned willie menu was displaced by a real, old-fashioned turkey dinner, we began firing our big guns on the range. This introduction to the roaring guns was not so pleasant as one would suppose, for the intonation of a six-inch gun is terrific, and the

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use of cotton in the ears will not prevent one from hearing it, in fact, the tingle would be in our ears after a night's sleep. Naturally, we became accustomed to the noise and felt just as natural while they were roaring as when they were silent.

Later we were instructed in the use of gas masks and as a part of the course passed through a chamber filled with the real article. Trench digging and dug-out construction were entered into, and every man was taught the use of the rifle or pistol in target practice.

Our first Christmas on foreign soil was the banner holiday of the year, of course, and carloads of boxes from home came to our regiment lone. Besides boxes of good things from the folks, each man received a box of candy from the Rainbow Cheer Association of Indiana. Every man had more knitted goods of various sizes than he could use for there was a special craze for knitting at the time in the States. Our dinner was fine, with turkey and sweet stuffs galore; of course, this was not the usual fare; ordinarily we had light stew or heavy stew, or soup, all known by the edifying name of

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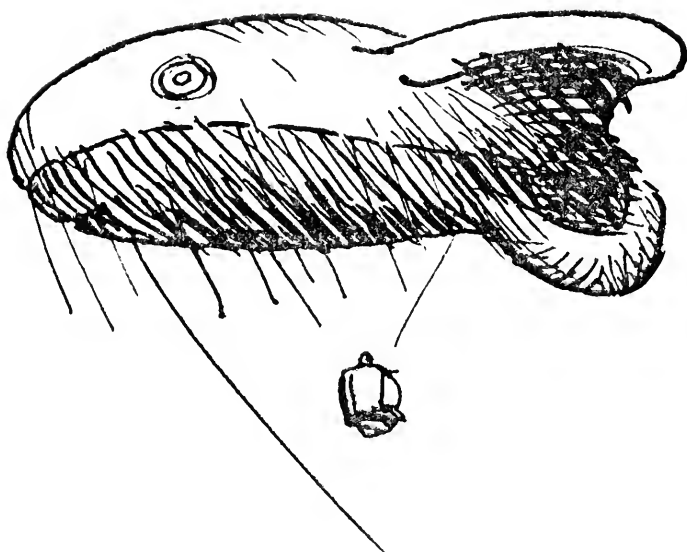
slum-gullion. We were assured that the best food went to the trenches, and, later, when we reached the trenches, we found that somebody had circulated a false rumor, for army grub is the same everywhere.

Speaking of food, I must say that chow is a soldier's obsession; if he can not get what he wants he can at least talk about it and dream about it. At any time of the night a certain fellow of our outfit might be expected to break into a discourse upon food, perhaps describing in detail the hot biscuits his mother used to make, and how he had always put gobs of golden butter in between, or he might describe in detail pies of every known species and variety. Of course a shower of footwear would cause him to desist, but always he would add, "Oh! them wus the days."

On the morning of February twenty-first we were awakened at three o'clock and we all knew that it was moving day. It was raining, but that couldn't dampen our enthusiasm. We were full of "pep" and worked like blazes to get everything out of camp and on to the trains at the Guer station. We left training camp with the best

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record which had been made there, surprising alike ourselves and our instructors. Credit was due the officers for their initiative and resourcefulness as well as to the men for their enthusiasm, despite kneedeep mud and their adaptability to all branches of artillery work.



CHAPTER VI.

Going Up To the Line.

EACH battery occupied a separate train, owing to the great amount of equipment we now carried. Guns, supplies and wagons were loaded on the flat cars, horse cars followed each one, being occupied by eight horses and two drivers, then the side door Pullmans marked "8 Chevaux 40 Hommes" followed. The American army had adopted the standard military train of 50 cars, of which two were unloaded. An idea of the great amount of equipment carried by the regiment can be gained by the statement of the fact that ten trains of 50 cars each were required to move the regiment. The merit of the standard train had been proved by the French in the first battle of the Marne. The Germans were massing in front of the defenses of Nancy and reasoned that the French were massing behind these defenses. Meanwhile 160 trains were speedily dispatched by the French to the center and left flank of the German line, enabling the French to make an enveloping

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movement and at the same time supplying reinforcement to Foch, who struck in the center, thereby winning the victory by superior strategy in which the troop movement played an important part, for it must be remembered that at this time the French forces were sadly outnumbered. Sleeping was scarcely possible in our crowded cars, even though a little nap helped to soften the car floor, and morning was welcome, for then we could let our legs hang out the doors and view the scenery along the route.

On the second day we passed through Versailles, where Red Cross nurses served coffee and sandwiches to us. From the station Eiffel tower could be seen in the distance. We reached our destination, Rambervillers, on the third evening and detrained. After supper was served at the rolling kitchen, horses were hitched and the hike to our billets was begun. The roads were the usual fine highways and we reached our respective villages before morning, despite the fact that we were not used to traveling in total darkness; not even a cigarette was allowed to be lit. As we hiked along, getting the first view of destroyed

UP TO THE LINE

homes and hearing the rumble of the guns on the front, a creepy feeling stole over us, and we were glad when we had parked our pieces and wagons, taken care of our horses and were ready to go to our bunks in the haylofts of the barns, which were still standing.

Our two days' rest here was very pleasant, the inhabitants being very hospitable. They confirmed the stories of Boche brutality we had heard and described to us the destruction of their homes by the Huns in 1914, when they reached the farthest point of their invasion of French soil. French Colonial (colored) troops from Africa, French Poilus and British Tommies were quartered in neighboring villages, which we visited for the purpose of buying milk and eggs. The French troops especially impressed us for they were so different from those we had seen before. Back of the lines the misfits were used to guard prisoners, railroads and munition plants. They wore every sort of French uniform, the prevailing colors being blue and red, but here at the front were the pick of the army, and the sight of a column of horizon blue poilus

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marching by at a snappy pace made us glad to have them as fighting partners.

February twenty-sixth was the day upon which we made the last lap of our journey. It was a fine day and as we hiked along the fine French roads, all felt the joy which came with the realization of our hopes; we thanked Providence that subs and disease had spared us for this day of our lives when we could march to the battle front of the greatest war in history with the first American division to occupy a divisional sector.

We had heard the roar of guns for several days, but our first glimpse of warfare was high in the clouds. The sky was blotched with white and black puffs of smoke made by exploding projectiles, which had been hurled there by anti-aircraft guns. Tracing the course of these smoke blotches, which remained suspended in the atmosphere for moments at a time, we saw a Boche aeroplane, which had turned tail and was now flying toward his own lines. At the time the scene was rather thrilling, but we became so accustomed to such sights that we scarcely gave them notice.

UP TO THE LINE

When we reached our positions it was dark, and No Man's land beyond was lighted up like a home town Fourth of July celebration. It was a brilliant display as signal rockets flew through the air, leaving scintillating trails, while star shells and virey lights cast a blinding glare as they hung suspended for minutes at a time. We pulled our guns into position and withdrew to a woods, which was to be our echelon or wagon line for a time, where we pitched our pup tents upon the wet ground and attempted to go to sleep as the guns sang their lullabys.



German Rest Camp.

Gas Masks



On 'Active Service'

Aug 1919



Reminiscences
of Cholon

CHAPTER VII.

Lorraine.

WE were fortunate in being assigned to the Lorraine front, Baccarat sector, for our initiation into war, for it is a beautiful land. Quaint villages nestling among the symmetrical hills, with the Vosges piercing the horizon in the distance, made an unforgettable picture.

We expected to begin killing Huns as soon as we were in position, but that was far from the case. The days before March first, when we fired our first shot, were days of toil. We learned the stationary trench-warfare game from the start by digging ourselves in, being careful to keep our positions camouflaged at all times so that the Hun aviators might not detect us, for as the saying is, a battery seen is a battery lost.

From sunrise to sunset we dug, dug, dug and camouflaged. One officer was death on camouflage, and one day he went so far as to order the men to carry snow for that purpose, but though our hands had become blistered and our backs stiff, we were ac-

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complishing something. Our dugouts, gun pits and ammunition dumps were about completed when we were honored by a visit from the Commander-in-Chief.

It was at the noon hour while we were eating mess that three large cars came up the road and stopped in the rear of our gun positions. The door of the first car was opened and out stepped General Pershing. His appearance could not disappoint the most ardent hero worshipper, for he is of fine physique, of towering height and of commanding presence, and, in fact, he is the ideal military figure referred to by the expression, "Every inch a soldier."

He strode up to the mess line and spoke to the private who was getting his mess kit filled. We were surprised at the plain words which came from the lips of this man who held the destinies of us all in his hands, yet we had no occasion for it, because he is simply the incarnation of the spirit of our democracy and an example of the equal opportunities our country offers, for his father was a section boss. After all, the greater a man is the more common he is and the less frills he uses. He asked the

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private how the food was and how he liked army life. Then he inspected our newly constructed gun pits and dugouts, with which he was well satisfied.

After Pershing's visit we all looked to the future with greater confidence and went to work with greater enthusiasm; in fact, the only fellow who wasn't better off was the private who told the General that he was getting plenty to eat. He was so much in awe of the man that he forgot all about the days when we worked hard on insufficient rations, consisting mainly of corn willie. However, we chafed under the monotony of trench life even after we began hurling the big shells into the Hun lines. Americans are not satisfied with standing still but always want to carry the fight to the enemy. We fully understood now why the war had been prolonged so long and we prayed for sufficient Yankees to come across so that we could show them some American wild-west warfare. We had progressed from the state of mind of spectators and wanted to show the world what we could do.

In justice to the French I must say that later campaigns changed our attitude to-

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ward this sort of quiet sectors, for there were times when we would have welcomed a little rest in one of them. At the time America entered the war, neither side had enough troops to permit them to take units from the front for purposes of resting them up. Instead, these quiet sectors served the purpose. Trench warfare was not the method of fighting desired by either side. It was a necessary evil, because neither side had sufficient forces, above the enemy's strength, for maneuvering. We saw some wonderful French soldiers on the front, but after all, the finest of them were beneath the sod, and that is why the American forces became the decisive factor in the war.

Though we chafed under this monotony, none of us today are sorry that we passed through these experiences which the combatants had endured for more than three years of fighting. We would not have comprehended the methods of this sort of stabilized warfare had we not experienced it ourselves.

A peculiarity of this sort of war is its zones of activity. The country was com-

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paratively quiet before the zone of war was reached. Then, as the number of shell-torn towns and devastated regions increased, the activity also increased. Ambulances, trucks, motor cars and motorcycles whizzed along the roads. Even the country roads resembled city streets in the quantity of traffic. All these arteries of travel eventually led to the front line trenches, where signs of human life were seldom seen, being screened by camouflage. Shells burst on every hand there, while aeroplanes flew overhead, but humans were seen only when attacks were launched.

When we took over the Baccarat sector, there seemed to be some sort of gentleman's agreement between the French and Germans to keep it safe and quiet. When one side would decide to put over a few shrapnel of H.E.'s, the enemy would be given time to hunt their dugouts and wait until the spasm was over. Then the other side would return the compliment, while the first mentioned enemy reclined in their safe dugouts. So when the Yankees made this their sector both the Boche and French were scandalized at seeing their party broken up.

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"Somebody was going to get hurt," it was true, and though we suffered casualties, the Boche got the bad end of the deal.

We not only put over several shells to Fritz's one, but our doughboys made his life miserable by mighty raids. These regiments from New York, Ohio, Iowa and Alabama, backed up by our guns, took complete control of No Man's land, even erecting signs uncomplimentary to Fritz, and telling him that it wasn't no man's land but that it belonged to the Yanks.

During this stage of the war the activity along the entire front consisted of local raids. On March 9th the division executed a coup de main, which later was heralded in the press as one of the first American victories. There was five hours of artillery preparation starting at 1:05 P. M. The infantry went over the top at 5:30 P. M., attacking the enemy trenches with a loss of only two killed and thirty-six wounded. This was the first time that Americans had occupied German trenches.

On March 17th the regiment suffered its first casualty when the third battalion, P.C., in Bois Champagne, was shelled by the en-

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emy. At this time Private Orla Archey had a leg blown off. But next day Privates Yates, Glass and Fabain were seriously wounded and Sergeant Hughes sustained lighter wounds. Soon after this the men were awarded the Croix de Guerre. The heaviest casualties, however, were suffered by Battery E, the first of May, when seventy-five men were gassed, none proving fatal, luckily. To avoid a repetition of this, May 15th the regiment fired 27,000 rounds, preventing a projector gas attack of the enemy by destroying his projectors.

The largest attack in which the regiment participated in Lorraine was the raid of May first, second and third. At 1:30 A. M. the guns of all calibers began an intense cannonading of the enemy positions. Colonel Tyndall had ninety-two guns in his plan of employment, or seventeen French batteries in addition to the 150th F.A.

This being the largest attack in which we had participated, we were greatly impressed and on the second day, in a spare moment, I wrote the following: "Aeroplanes fly above us, an observation balloon is up to our right and our guns are booming and

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jarring the earth. I am sitting on the edge of an old trench from which the Huns were driven earlier in the war, and there were wooden crosses nearby, some bearing only the word, 'Allemand,' others having the tri-color nailed to them with the words 'La Patria' and the name of the fallen hero painted beneath. These are signs of the past. Boche shells bursting in our territory remind us of that. But from this hillcrest I can see that we are returning ten to one.

"What a beautiful land to be torn by war! Quaint villages are nestling among Lorraine hills. The villages are in ruins but it is spring and in spite of Mars, mother nature has clothed the hills with verdant growth; wild flowers are springing up and forests are donning their spring foliage. In the distance the peaks of the Vosges pierce the clouds. And here we are, men, mutilating, scarring, hurting you, for what? After all, you, beautiful land, are the creation of the same all-powered force which gave us life, and our suffering is as great as yours. We are mutilating you and ourselves for principles and ideals worthy of Him of Nazareth.

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"Evening is spreading its black mantle over the scene but the glare from the guns is only accentuated. There is a flash, a roar, smoke pours from the muzzle of our engine of destruction. Soon with the glasses we can see through the dusk the burst of the high explosive shells in the German lines. Night has come, rockets illumine their own brilliant courses over No Man's land and star shells hang for a moment in the air casting a stunning light, of a brightness even surpassing daylight.

"As a picture it would all be beautiful and romantic, at the guns it is work. The gun crews are sweating, their energies, minds, muscles, applied to the work of ramming shells into the breach of cannon, pulling the lanyard, which releases the firing pin, whereupon the projectile goes hurling toward Germany. In the front lines the doughboys are anxiously awaiting the zero hour when they will 'go over the top'."

On the third day the doughboys went over at daylight and penetrated far into the Boche reserve lines, where some prisoners were captured, but the work of the artillery was so effective that most of the Huns they

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saw were corpses and the trenches and dug-outs were completely destroyed. This operation was augury for the future. It was the first illustration of the spirit and principle which made the Rainbow Division so successful in every battle. That principle was co-operation. Every unit worked together and there was born mutual respect and confidence between them. We thought our doughboys the greatest soldiers in the world and they in turn sang the praises of the artillery.

I have asked doughboys if they wouldn't like artillery better than infantry and have always received an answer, "No, boy, you can have your place back of us, where the big ones bust and make holes big enough to build a house in, but, believe me, I'll stay in the front lines and take my chance with the rifle and machine-gun bullets." Of course, the front lines are bombarded by artillery at times, but for the most part artillery sends and receives many more shells than the doughboys get.

The data for artillery was figured from maps; however, complete accuracy could not be attained without observation. Ob-

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ervation posts are situated in any place where a good view of enemy territory can be obtained. They may be on a hill in the rear of the guns but more often are in front and sometimes are in the front lines or even in No Man's land, being always concealed from enemy sight. The observer goes to the O.P., directs his binoculars toward the target and by telephone orders the battery to fire. A typical conversation would run as follows:

O.P.: "Is battery ready to fire?"

Battery Position: "Battery ready to fire."

O.P.: "Fire."

Battery Position: "On the way."

Perhaps the explosion of the projectile would be to the right of the target. Then the observer would perhaps change the data.

O.P.: "Left five, elevation the same."

Battery Position: "On the way."

The shell strikes directly in front of the target, hence is short and the elevation is increased. Then the target is hit and fire for destruction is given.

Not all of our time was spent dosing the Huns with shells. Inspections were regular



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occurrences, especially at the horse line, where horses, wagons, harness and rifles had to be kept spick and span, the expression, "Inspections will win the war," was a product of these days. Pay day came once a month, sometimes, and then the old army game held its sway for a time. Afternoon passes were sometimes given the drivers, and at such times Baccarat was visited. However, the greatest side attraction of the war proved to be the cooties. Some soldiers who claim to have been at the front have said that one gets used to cooties, but that is not so. They are such staunch friends that it is almost impossible to get rid of them without a complete change of equipment being made. We also had some trouble with trench fever and scabies, which were carried or caused by them. Of course, if one was sick he could get medical attention, which meant a couple of C. C. pills, usually.

So few if any United States soldiers had ever been subjected to such a life, yet it was surprising how quickly they adapted themselves and accepted it as a matter of course. All soldiers usually have a grouch

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and complain, but never for one instance do they hesitate or slacken in their duty. It is only in the silent hour in deep meditation does he let his mind revert to better things. It is then that home and memories of mother comes back to him. When a boy's task is light and his surroundings pleasant, he may forget, but when hardships and danger come, it is then that home and mother looms up before him.

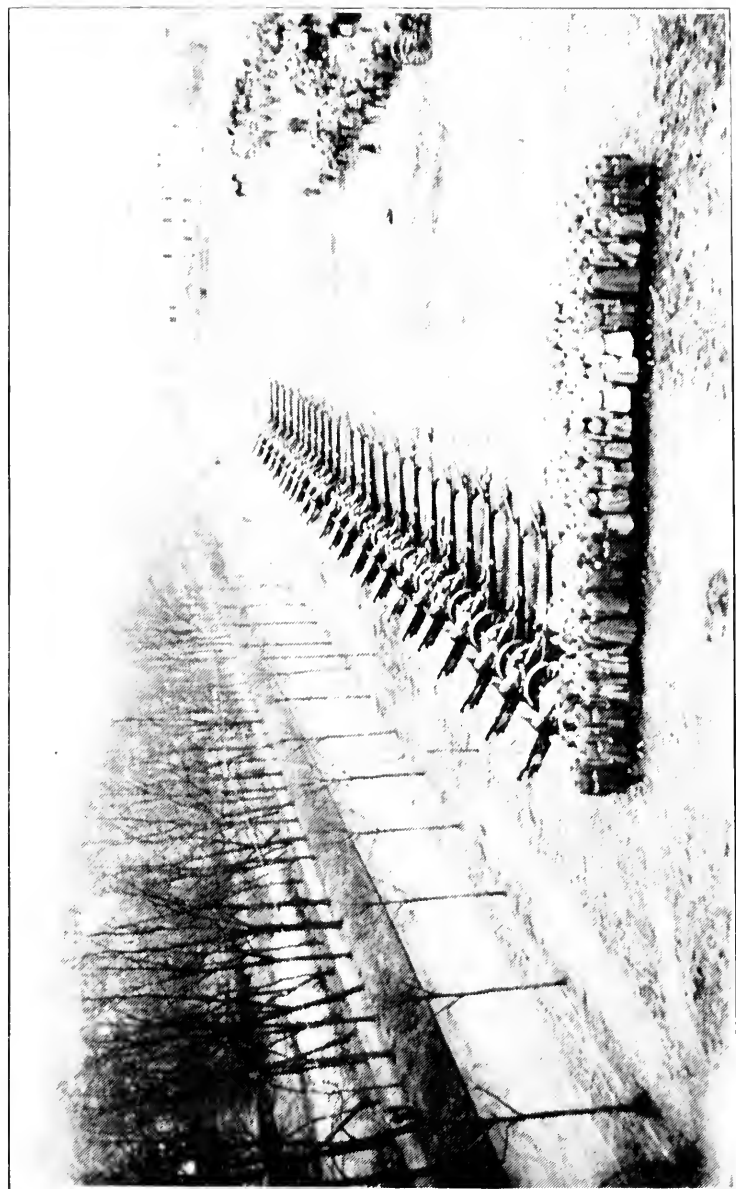
It is the hardship, turmoil, dangers, death and destruction of war that makes our soldiers realize and appreciate what the veterans of the Civil War went through, so it was Declaration Day at home that inspired a soldier boy to write his grandmother the following letter:

In the Trenches,
Somewhere in France.

Dearest Grandma—No doubt you are observing Memorial Day as usual, honoring the soldiers of our country and decorating the graves of those who have crossed the Great Divide. We at the front can not pause from our task of pouring shells into the Boches, but our minds must revert to

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the old heroes of the Nation, who furnish us the ideal example of patriotism and the inspiration which makes us proud and ready to serve the flag. So when we suffer reverses and the outlook seems black, we will be buoyed up by their example and recall that America has been and always will be victorious. A nation lives largely in the past, its history is its living face. Before we entered the war the Germans called us "Idiotic Yankees" and "Lifeless Money Bags." We turned to our history and became confident again that these were lies, and when the time came we could depend upon our citizens as of old. The example that I have always tried to live up to is Grandpa, because he not only did his duty always, but lead a clean life while doing it. He made me want to be a soldier by his stories of the war when I was a child at his knee, but with it all there was a great dread in my heart, for I did not have confidence in myself. I wondered what I would do if the U. S. would fight another war. Would I volunteer or would I try to keep out of it? Life is sweet to every young man, and it would be much easier to stay at home than



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to don a uniform; would mean trials, hardships and, perhaps death. So when I enlisted I felt happier than ever before because I had conquered the fear of myself and acted as I knew grandpa would have acted.

In memory of him and of thousands others like him, I am going to gather some wild flowers today and will put them on the graves marked by plain wooden crosses of some soldiers who lie in the open field in the rear of our gun position, in that way I can pay tribute to our heroes of the past, just as you do at home.

At eleven o'clock, on the evening of June nineteenth, the regiment said farewell to the Lorraine front. General Duport, commanding the sixth French army corps, with which we had served, cited the division in general orders to its "fine military qualities, offensive ardor and services rendered" during our hundred-and-ten-day occupation of the sector.

Hq., June 15, 1918.
6th Army Corps.

Staff. First Bureau No. 3243-1.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 50.

At the moment when the 42d U.S. Divi-

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sion is leaving the Lorraine front, the Commanding General of the 6th Army Corps desires to do homage to the fine military qualities which it has continuously exhibited, and to the services which it has rendered in the Baccarat Sector.

The offensive ardor, the scene for the utilization and the organization of terrain as for the liaison of the arms, the spirit of method, the discipline shown by all its officers and men, the inspiration animating them, prove that at the first call, they can henceforth take a glorious place in the new line of battle.

The Commanding General of the 6th Army Corps expresses his deepest gratitude to the 42d Division for its precious collaboration; he particularly thanks the distinguished commander of this division, General Menoher, the officers under his orders and his staff so brilliantly directed by Colonel McArthur.

It is with a sincere regret that the entire 6th Army Corps sees the 42d Division depart. But the bonds of affectionate comradeship which have been formed here will not be broken; for us, in faithful memory,

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are united the living and the dead of the Rainbow Division, those who are leaving for hard combats and those who, after having nobly sacrificed their lives on the land of the east, not rest there, guarded over piously by France.

These sentiments of warm esteem will be still more deeply affirmed during the impending struggles where the fate of Free people is to be decided.

May our units, side by side, contribute valiantly to the triumph of Justice and Right.

GENERAL DUPORT,
Commanding the 6th Army Corps.
(Signed) DUPORT.



CHAPTER VIII.

Hiking to Victory, as Part of Foch's Army of Maneuver.

AT this time Foch was massing his army of maneuver. The addition of American troops to his forces had enabled him to do this. Even the newest Yankee divisions served to replace the experienced French and American troops in the quiet sectors, and the British were adding to the force by bringing the reserve troops which had remained in England as a safeguard, across the channel. The balance of man power was swinging to the Allies, even in this dark hour; yet the enemy was triumphant and confident in his recent successes and the crisis was yet to be reached. The Rainbows henceforth were to play their part in history as a shock division.

Ludendorf had begun his drives in March when the British army barely escaped disaster in Picardy and as a result of his Aisne offensive he had advanced toward the Marne and held a position threatening Paris. This was the black hour for the Allies, and it

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must be said that their fortitude in this great crisis saved the cause of democracy; but they were fighting with their backs to the wall and the Huns exulting in their successes were planning the final drive, which the German people were assured would force a German peace upon the world. Could the Allies withstand another blow? The only ray of light on the situation from their standpoint was the American army. General Pershing had placed the United States Army at the disposal of Marshal Foch on March 28th, and now in the middle of the night we were beginning our hike to the lines where we would meet the Hun at the height of his power and success. Would we make good? We were anxious to try and we were going to have that opportunity.

We reached Hallainville after an all night hike, where we awaited our turn at entraining. Three days later we hiked to Charmes, where we entrained for a day and night ride. We unloaded at Chalons at 7:30 P.M., from whence we hiked to the camp of Dampierre, which we reached at midnight. We spent five days here grooming and washing wagons mainly. Then we made the next leg

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of our journey by an all-night hike which brought us to camp at Somme Vesle.

We celebrated the Fourth of July on the first, for as the chaplain, alias Snow Drift, said, we couldn't tell where we would be on the Fourth. The band which had become quite an efficient organization, from its long days of practice in Baccarat, gave a program, and Lieutenant-Colonel Carter made a patriotic speech of the spread eagle variety. When he had finished and the applause had died away, a buck was heard to say, "Fine, but it was the same kind of a speech that got me into this man's army."

Near camp was a French aviation field where we were always welcome. The areoplanes were of the large type, having twin motors and carrying four machine guns. Upon the bodies of the planes each aviator had painted an elaborate picture of some animal, perhaps a dragon or a goat. This same custom was carried through all the Allied armies, for example, certain truck train would have an arrow as its insigna as would each of its trucks with that emblem, or perhaps with a girl's head, a heart, or a donkey. The purpose of this was not

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altogether decorative; but men are more apt to remember a picture than a number, so for their benefit both markings were employed and some confusion was eliminated. The same tendency for giving names to inanimate objects was shown by the naming of cannon. Names typical of our howitzers were "Maggie Magee," "Charlie C." and "Old Deutsche Cleanser."

The night of the fourth saw us on our way again, passing through Sippes to the great plain, called Camp De Chalons, where our guns were pulled into position. This was one anniversary of our nation's birth which we will never forget. We were happier to be here where the brilliancy of the electrical display over No Man's land took the place of the celebrations at home, simply because we knew we were where we belonged.

CHAPTER IX.

Stopping the Fifth German Drive at Champagne.

THE air of expectancy prevailed among us as we made feverish preparations to meet the Hun's final great effort. We dug additional gun pits and stacked up ammunition. The chalky plain and the bald white hills in the distance, among them the mountains of Rheims, seemed comparatively peaceful during these days, but we knew all hell would break loose soon.

General Gouraud, commanding the French Fourth Army to which we were attached, appealed to his men and us in stirring phrases, asking us all to stand firm. He said, "We may be attacked at any moment, and the bombardment will be terrible, but you will stand it without weakening. The assault will be violent in clouds of smoke, dust and gas, but your position and armament are formidable. In your breasts beat free men's brave, strong hearts. Nobody will look behind nor recede a pace. Each of you will have one

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thought—to kill and kill many until they cry ‘enough’. For this reason your General says you will break this assault and it will be broken gloriously.”

At eleven-thirty, on the night of July 14th, the battle, the Kaiser’s Waterloo, and the turning point of the war, began. We thought we were veteran soldiers but we had never experienced anything like this. Our commanders had obtained advance information concerning the German plans, consequently we opened up first with our artillery.

For sixty kilometers the front was a line of flame, the noise was terrific; surely the elements had combined with man in this scene of destruction. We could not distinguish between the bursts of the enemies shells and the roar of our own guns; it was an awful melee. The mechanism of war was overshadowing its creator, man. What a tiny part an individual played in a great battle, we here realized.

Our guns were firing as fast as we could feed shells into them and our comrades were doing likewise. The delirium of combat was upon us and even the blowing up of one of

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our guns did not cause firing of the other guns to slacken.

The explosion was so terrific that only a few scraps of the gun remained. As I held the stump of a bleeding arm of one of my comrades to stop the flow of blood and heard him say, "I'm not very badly hurt but I guess my bit is done; you fellows go ahead," I came to realize the real meaning of war, the waste, and barbarism of it all.

When the Huns came over they got a reception of death; but on they pressed, tanks leading, followed by flame throwers and infantry. They could not waver for we had thrown such a hurricane of shells in their rear that turning back meant death. They attacked at 4:17 on the morning of the fifteenth, supported by their artillery barrage, which the press called the most intense of the war. But anticipating all this, General Gouraud had ordered our first line strip of trenches evacuated, so when the Huns reached our trenches they found them empty, with constant death raining into them from our guns. The piles of German dead were the price of his failure.

After his failure the Boche showed his

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caliber by sending his aeroplanes over Chalons. The Huns destroyed sixty buildings in the town, twenty-six kilometers behind the lines. Many women and children were killed and all the inhabitants were forced to sleep in the open fields for safety.

The Germans had expected to be in Chalons at eleven A.M., as captured orders proved. Instead they suffered 50,000 casualties, capturing temporarily our undefended front lines, which our boys recaptured in the afternoon. Among the others, our Alabama wildcats, with trench knives as their only weapons, attacked the Huns, killing all who did not escape to their own lines. As Ludendorf admitted later, the German offensive was really broken on the first day of the battle, and the way was paved for the allied counterstroke three days later, giving Foch the initiative which he held to the end of the war.

General Naulin, our Corps Commander in Champagne, cited the division in general orders as follows:

“At the moment when the 42d American Division is on the point of leaving the 21st Army Corps, I desire to express my keen

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satisfaction and my sincere thanks for the services which it rendered under all conditions.

“By its valor, ardor and its spirit, it has very particularly distinguished itself on July 15 and 16 in the course of the great battle where the fourth army broke the German offensive on the Champagne front.

“I am proud to have had it under my orders during this period; my prayers accompany it in the great struggle engaged in for the liberty of the world.”



CHAPTER X.

From Champagne to Chateau Thierry.

FOUR days after the battle we were on the way to the scene of the greatest allied victory since the first battle of the Marne. It had been a great satisfaction to stop the Hun's greatest drive in its tracks, but we knew it would be a greater joy to drive them, so it was a confident and happy regiment which hiked to Chalons, the city we had helped to save. It was a clear, moonlight night, ideal for air work, and just as we had finished loading all the anti-aircraft guns in the vicinity we began firing on Boche bombing squadron. The Hun's target was the railroad, a thunderous noise was heard, then a series of crashes; but all the bombs landed to the side of the loading platforms. The sky was brilliantly lighted by the tracer and incendiary bullets which leaped to the skies, as do fire balls from a roman candle, locating the planes. The rays of many searchlights were sweeping the skies crossing each other.

"This is not a helluva a lot safer than the

CHATEAU THIERRY

front," one fellow remarked. In fact, we did not feel as much at ease here as we did on the front for we felt helpless, we could do nothing but keep quiet and sweat. With a crash another bomb exploded, this time farther away. The rays of a searchlight fell directly upon one of the raiders and the roaring guns and sputtering machine guns directed their fire upon him; but he was making for home and the roar of his engine became fainter and died away.

Our journey seemed almost a triumphal one, for at every station we were madly cheered by the people. We were reminded of our journey from Fort Harrison to Camp Mills. Everybody waved flags and handkerchiefs and "Vive l' Amerique" was upon all lips. Especially enthusiastic were the people of Paris, who threw flowers as well as kisses as our train passed. It was this wonderful spirit which kept them optimistic through the four dark years until this day of victory.

We detrained at Lizy and immediately began the hike to the town where we were to remain a few days awaiting our turn to go up to the lines. On the morning of July

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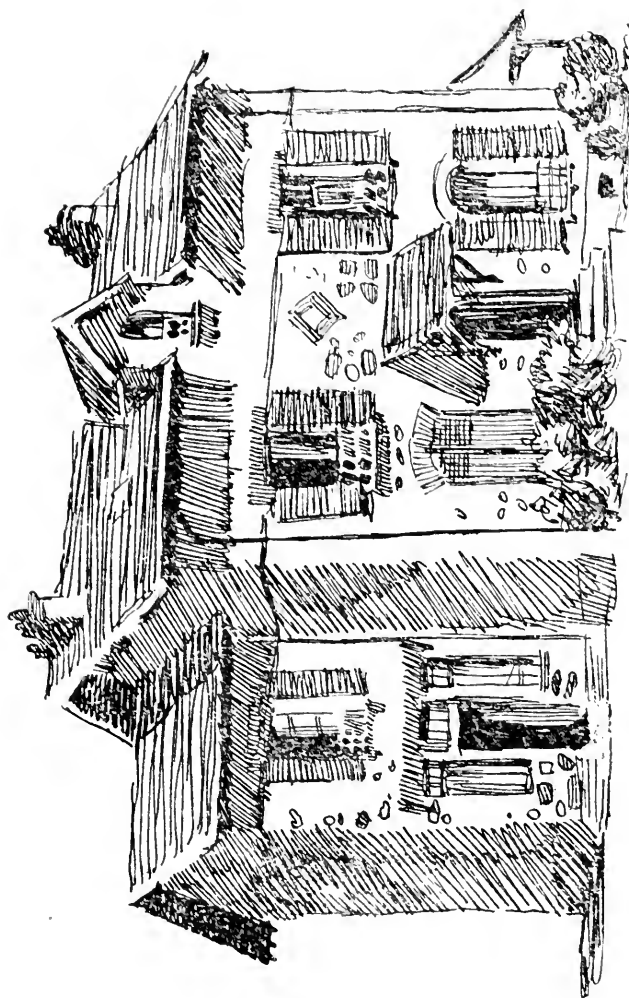
twenty-fifth, we began our journey on the National road into Chateau Thierry. The road was alive with a moving mass of traffic. Thousands of trucks, most of them driven by Annamites, yellow people from the French protectorate of Annam, were carrying men and material for the drive. As we passed along the road we saw the signs of recent battle, woods bore marks of conflict, grain fields were trampled and torn with shell holes, boxes of German ammunition and shells were scattered everywhere. The stench of rotting bodies permeated the atmosphere, dead men and horses were sometimes piled together.

We reached Chateau Thierry in the afternoon, parked our wagons and pieces in the streets and watered our horses in the historic Marne. The bridge across the river which had been blown up by the Germans was already being rebuilt by the Yankee engineers. The buildings of the city had been scarred by machine gun bullets while in places trenches had been dug across the streets. The Huns, following their custom, had looted every building. Along the roads

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we saw such loot as silk hats, frock coats and ladies' wear.

After a hot meal in the evening we set out to complete our journey. The traffic beyond Chateau Thierry was even more congested than we had seen in the morning; supply trains, artillery, ammunition trains and infantry were moving up while ambulances filled to the running board with wounded were coming back. We passed through some of the most desolate villages we had ever seen, mere piles of stone fragments. As we were coming up we were asked the soldier's natural question, "What outfit," and when we answered 42d, the remarks ran thusly, "Oh, Rainbow, now there'll be some hell raised."



Supply H.Q.

CHATEAU AT DHUIN

7-24-18

CHAPTER XI.

Over the Ourcq to the Vesle.

BEFORE Trugny and Epiede, among the Aisne forests, slashed with hastily dug trenches, filled with the spoils of war and with stinking corpses our guns went into position. We began directing our fire into the Forest De Fere, which was filled with enemy machine-gun nests.

There was no rest, always we were pushing on; often when we had just obtained the range to the German lines we were ordered to move forward, for the Boche had again been forced out of range of our death-spitting howitzers. Through weary days and nights we preceded along the shell-swept roads. Within three days our first lines had reached the Ourcq and we began sweeping the opposite bank with harrassing fire.

At the same time our positions were being heavily shelled and our ammunition trains had to travel the roads under the hellish enemy fire. Our drivers made a splendid spectacle, dashing up the roads, driving the three teams which drew their

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caisson filled with precious ammunition for our guns. We had seen them bringing up ammunition in Champagne where with even shells bursting in their paths they continued on without hesitation. On this day a shell struck beneath the caisson corporal's horse, killing it and wounding the man; despite the explosions of shells on every hand, several men came from cover, picked him up and carried him to the dressing station, while the caisson continued its journey. The telephone men had their hands full in keeping their lines in order, for they were being continually broken by shell fire. Often while one was repairing a line in one place a shell would explode beyond and break it again; but fatigue was not thought of by them, their job was to keep the vital communications in order and they did it.

At times, such incidents as the knocking out of the bottom of a water bag by a shell would make us laugh, for at such times, when death threatened every moment, we had to find relief in some sort of a joke. If a man barely escaped being killed he always laughed about it. This was a peculiar psychological fact which always held true that

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the times of greatest danger saw us making jokes of the most serious incidents.

Assurance always came with firing the guns for we knew we were more than paying Fritz back and the joy of that made us disregard our own danger. An event which always aroused our enthusiasm was the approach of German aeroplanes. We had always had two machine guns to each battery but here we had added two captured Boche guns and every man was equipped with a pistol or a rifle, so when a Boche plane came close to us we let go with them all. Our own planes were sadly outnumbered at this time, so that the Huns came over us at will.

One day a party of five enemy planes came over us, a short distance away they dropped their bombs, which we could plainly see, into the wood a short distance in front of us. In doing this they swooped toward the ground. This was the maneuver we were waiting for and we let go with all of our firearms and the machine guns; four of the planes made their get away, but one, wishing to teach us a lesson, executed a spiral dive swooping toward us and opened his machine gun upon our first gun

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crew, which was still firing upon the German lines. We riddled him with bullets, for he was so close that we could have hit him with stones. By the sound of his engine we could tell that the plane had been hit. He tried to rise, but it was of no use; we did not stop peppering him with led, and he crashed to the ground. With a yell we ran across the field and surrounded his plane and dragged the pilot and observer from their seats. They were wounded in the head and were bleeding, but their thoughts were far from that. They had been told that Americans killed their prisoners and they were begging us not to shoot them. Of course, we had no intention of doing that and they were given first aid treatment before being sent to the rear to the intelligence department, where prisoners are questioned to obtain information.

I recall here the great change in our attitude toward German prisoners after we had reached the front. Before we had been in battle we regarded the German prisoners as unfortunate men and we entertained little hatred for them; in fact, we pitied them. But after we had begun fighting,

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our attitude changed. Every day we saw our comrades killed and some of the living worse than dead, some with arms and legs missing, others with a jaw or part of the head blown off, some blinded and gassed. These Huns had introduced many inhuman methods of warfare and in their unfairness and deceptions showed that they had no honor, so we came to despise them. However, we treated them fairly when we had taken them prisoners, fed them and then sent them back of the lines to work.

We had been firing as fast as the ammunition was brought up and were evidently a sore spot for the Huns, who could not locate us. The wood in front of us had been shelled continually and some of our horses which were tied there were killed, some even being blown up over the tree tops. The wood was filled with Yankee dead, but still we fired. A bombing squadron came over us and a lone Allied plane picked battle with one of the Huns. Strange to say, the other Boches fled, being bombers and not combat planes. It was the prettiest air battle we had ever seen. The maneuvering was graceful, as if they were playing in-

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stead of being locked in a death struggle. The Allied plane turned a flip clear around the Hun, riddling him with bullets. The Hun made a spiral nose dive toward the ground trying to escape from his antagonist, not knowing that we were beneath him with our rifles and machine guns, only waiting for him to become separated before we should fire on him. As he approached the ground we let go and finished the already shattered plane. It crashed to the ground amid our yells of joy. The victorious plane circled about his fallen victim to make sure his victory and disappeared. The pilot was still living and was immediately sent to the hospital, where probably he was saved if the ambulance which carried him reached the hospital without delay.

The Yankees had crossed the little stream, dignified by the name of river, with a magnificent dash which will remain forever an honor to the Rainbow record. In the face of terrible machine gun fire the Rainbows had swept on capturing hill No. 212, Sergy, Mercy, Ferme and Seringes. The 150th F. A. regiment's duty had been to blow up the machine gun nests and pre-

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pared positions and it had done it well. Our infantry was relieved on August second, but we continued on in support of the 4th division, moving forward in the rain, hungry, and tired. Our greatest streak of good luck was to come across an overturned cart full of bread. We were already carrying in our wagons all sorts of equipment from machine guns to hand towels, which the Hun had left in his flight. We passed through Fere-en-Tardenois which was badly wrecked with piles of masonry and debris filling its streets. The nights were pitch black and the ground muddy so that with enemy fire directed upon us our path could not have been called easy. In spite of the difficulties we were making excellent progress and the smoking powder dumps and burning villages ahead of us proved that we were steadily driving back the best enemy troops, the Prussian Guards.

We were encountering every sort of German gas and the klaxons and sirens often sounded the alarms; but they never caught us napping for we always carried our masks at the alert, upon our chests where we could slip into them while holding our breaths.

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Another thing which saved us from being gassed was the warning the gas shells made when it burst. All shells, except the whiz bangs which explode before the sound reaches the ears, come over lazily meowing like a cat, developing into a scream as it approaches; the high explosive bursts with a terrific roar but the gas shell explodes with a pop. The Huns were also accommodating with their extreme orderliness and efficiency, because their shells came over with precise regularity, so that, except in case of bombardments when everything is in a turmoil, we could tell by the watch when their next one was coming over. During the latter part of the drive the Allied planes became more numerous and we had decidedly the best of the air battles. It was no uncommon sight to see a swarm of them fly over the German lines and then to see one of them dip down from the rest and make for a sausage balloon. The Germans would immediately start to draw the balloon down, while the observer sprang out with the parachute, but the Allied plane would dive toward the sausage firing his machine gun. Whenever the incendiary bullet

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would strike the bag it would burst into a great flame, while the remains fell to earth leaving a trail of black smoke.

When the Vesle had been reached the operation of reducing the salient was finished and we were relieved by the Fourth division. General Pershing issued a general order paying tribute to the service and achievements of all divisions which had taken part in the operation. He said: "You came to the battlefield at the crucial hour of the Allied cause. For almost four years the most formidable army the world has as yet seen had impressed its invasion of France, and stood threatening its capital. At no time has that army been more powerful or menacing than when on July 15, it struck again to destroy in one great battle the brave men opposed to it and to enforce its brutal will on the world and civilization."

"Three days later in conjunction with our Allies, you counter-attacked. The Allied armies gained a brilliant victory that marked the turning point of the war. You did more than give our brave allies the support to which as a nation our faith was pledged. You proved that our altruism,

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our pacific spirit, our sense of justice have not blunted our virility or our courage. You have shown that American initiative and energy are as fit for the tests of war as for the pursuit of peace. You have justly won the unstinted praise of our Allies and the eternal gratitude of our countrymen.

We have paid for our success in the lives of many of our brave comrades. We shall cherish their memory always and claim for our history and literature their bravery, achievements and sacrifice."



CHAPTER XII

Chateau Thierry to St. Mihiel.

AT midnight August tenth, we pulled out of position, hiking to the rear to a place which we had occupied before but under different conditions. After getting a little sleep in the morning we visited the commissary which was located in a nearby town, where we bought the first chocolates we had eaten since leaving Camp Coctquidan. Naturally we ate so many that we were sick later.

Next evening we hiked to a wood near Epiede, where we pitched our pup tents on the soft grassy bank of a small stream. We received some new clothes and after taking a bath in the creek and discarding our old clothing we felt like new men. When we were not grooming horses or washing equipment and harness we were allowed to sleep and it certainly was sweet sleep with no shells bursting about and little noise. We had been under a great strain during the drive and we wished nothing better than complete relaxation; but we had to continue

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our journey while the old rumor circulated about that we were going to a rest camp.

According to army orders we were entitled to a ten-day furlough every four months, but our regiment was never given one during its entire service. Thousands of troops, who had fought in the big drive were given passes to Paris, the Mecca of every Yankee of the A. E. F. but we were destined never to see that city. Instead we continued our hike, even being ordered to wear our heavy helmets instead of rest caps and had to carry our side arms and rifles. No man, except the drivers, was allowed to ride a wagon.

Going up we had been met only with the signs of our victorious advance, abandoned equipment and ammunition scattered everywhere, the countless dead lying unburied and odorous.

Coming back we followed almost the same route, but the scene had changed. Details of engineers had buried the corpses, marking the graves with rude crosses, if they had time, perhaps a rifle or bayonet being used as a marker. Often a helmet served the purpose. If an American grave,

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the fallen soldier's identification tag was fastened to the marker. The salvage corps had gathered up all the war materials for use against its makers. Great orderly piles of ammunition, helmets, and other discarded equipment were to be seen on every hand.

Near one of our stopping places we had the opportunity of viewing the greatest piece of booty which our army had captured in the drive. It was one of the largest guns ever manufactured and had cost the Huns a prodigious amount of toil in moving it to the front. After the Boche had made his way to Chateau Thierry in his spring drive and his line had been stopped, he began prepairing to hold the salient which he had driven in the Allied front.

An important feature of his plans was the emplacement of his greatest big Berthas within his lines, for with such a gun he could sweep the back areas of the Allies with harassing fire and could endanger our lines of communication. The German has always prided himself in his big guns and this one was his greatest joy because he could shell Paris with it.

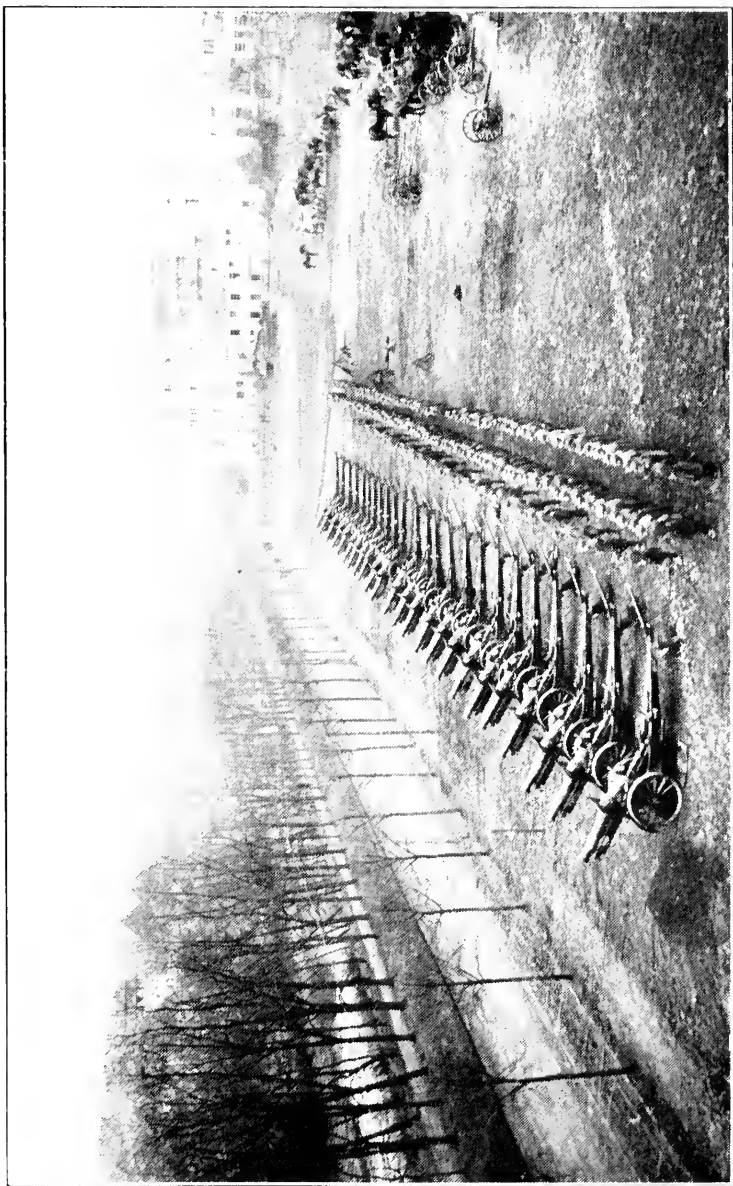
The tube was so large that it required

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seven flat cars to transport it. It was set upon a huge turret which revolved upon ball bearings, each one larger than a man's head. A standard gauge railroad ran through the center of the turn table upon which the gun was set and on each side was another track upon which ammunition was transported.

This gun emplacement was located in the midst of a wood, in the center of which a large clearing had been made. The tree tops about the clearing were charred and burnt from the effects of the gun's explosions.

The most impressive sight of our return journey, however, was the influx of refugees who were coming back to claim their recaptured homes. It was characteristic of these French villagers to stick to their homes under any conditions and often during battles they had to be driven from their villages to places of safety. Now when the greater danger was over and they were allowed to return to their beloved homes, they lost no time about it. It did us good to see their joy upon returning even to these destroyed homes and desolated villages. I know we fought bitterly for it.



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Children building play-houses out of the stones from the ruins of their own homes; the old woman digging for a treasure which she had hidden in her garden upon the approach of the Hun, such scenes aroused emotions within our breasts not expressed by pity, but rather by admiration for their dauntless spirit, and for their great confidence in us, in our allies and in our cause.

On the morning of the seventeenth we arrived at Lizy, where we entrained. Next day our train passed through the cities Dorman, Chalons and Epernay. The last named city is famed for its champagne and in passing through we saw the great plants where the champagne is made. The buildings resembled oriental palaces in their gilded domes and elaborate decorations. In the evening we arrived at our detraining station. From here each battery hiked to its respective village, for it was impossible to billet larger units in the small villages. In fact during our entire service the assemblage of the regiment in one place was the exception and not the rule, so in speaking of the towns in which we have been billeted in our journeys I may mention a village in

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which only a part of the regiment was quartered.

The inhabitants had been told of our coming and were out in force to greet us. During our stay they maintained the same friendly attitude and we were able to vary our army slum with good French home cooking. After our daily work which consisted of grooming and caring for horses and washing equipment, harness, wagons, and guns we managed to get some rest. It was here that the parody, "Will there be any horses in heaven, if there are I don't want to go there," gained popularity.

The villages of the Marne, in which the regiment was billeted, and of which Bassoncourt is an example, were very quiet, what we would call in the United States dead towns, but it was just this sort of town that we needed. There were only two tiny shops where one might at times buy a piece of chocolate or some jam, at extremely high prices of course, because of the scarcity of such things in France.

There were no electric nor water system and only two pianos in the village, so the appearance of our band was a great occas-

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sion. At such a time the populace would congregate before the Mairie (town hall). The peasants with their great wooden rakes, just come in from the fields, two or three men in city clothes, the old bald headed priest mingling with the soldiers, presented a curious scene.

At this time a divisional order was issued as follows:

Headquarters, 42d Division,
American Ex. Forces, France,
August 13, 1918.

To the Officers and Enlisted men of the
42nd Division:

A year has elapsed since the formation of your organization. It is therefore fitting to consider what you have accomplished as a combat division and what you should prepare to accomplish in the future.

Your first elements entered the trenches in Lorraine on February 21st. You served on that front for 100 days. You were the first American division to hold a divisional sector and when you left the sector June 21st, you had served continuously as a division in the trenches for a longer time than

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any other American division. Although you entered the sector without experience in actual warfare you so conducted yourself as to win the respect and affection of the French veterans with whom you fought. Under gas and bombardment, in raids, in patrols, in the heat of hand to hand combat and in the long dull hours of trench routine so trying to a soldier's spirit, you bore yourselves in a manner worthy of the traditions of our country.

You were withdrawn from Lorraine and moved immediately to the Champagne front where during the critical days from July 14th to 18th, you had the honor of being the only American division to fight in General Gouraud's army which so gloriously obeyed his orders. "We will stand or die," and by its iron defense crushed the German assault and made possible the offensive of July 18th to the west of Rheims.

From Champagne you were called to take part in exploiting the success north of the Marne. Fresh from the battle front before Chalons, you were thrown against the picked troops of Germany. For eight consecutive days you attacked skillfully pre-

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pared positions. You captured great stores of arms and munitions. You forced the crossing of the Ourcq. You took hill No. 212, Sergy, Mercy, Ferme and Seringes by assault. You drove an imperial guard division before you for a depth of 15 kilometers. When your infantry was relieved, it was in full pursuit of the retreating Germans, and your artillery continued to progress and support another American division in the advance to the Vesle.

For your services in Lorraine, your division was formally commended in General Orders by the French army corps under which you served. For your services in Champagne, your assembled officers received the personal thanks and commendations of General Gouraud himself. For your services on the Ourcq, your division was officially complimented in a letter from the Commanding General, First Army Corps, of July 28, 1918.

To your success, all ranks and all services have contributed, and I desire to express to every man in the command my appreciation of his devoted and courageous effort.

However, our position places a burden of

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responsibility upon us which we must strive to bear steadily forward without faltering. To our comrades who have fallen, we owe the sacred obligation of maintaining the reputation which they died to establish. The influences of our performance on our Allies and our enemies cannot be overestimated, for we were one of the first divisions sent from our country to France to show the world that Americans can fight.

Hard battles and long campaigns lie before us. Only by ceaseless vigilance and tireless preparations can we fit ourselves for them. I urge you, therefore, to approach the future with confidence, but above all, with firm determination that so far as it is in your power you will spare no effort, whether in training or in combat, to maintain the record of our division and the honor of our country.

CHARLES T. MENOHER,
Major-General,
United States Army.

We were told that this was not a rest camp but a retraining camp, and this we realized with a start when, on the second

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week our schedule called for work from reveille, 5:15 A.M., to retreat, at 6:30 P.M. Again we were started in at rookie drill and did all of our squads right stuff over and over; but moving orders saved us on the third day and we were on the way to the next drive. Roubecourt, Bulgneville, Land-aville and Neufchateau were on our route. At Bulgneville we met some British soldiers. They were very enthusiastic about the turn the war had taken and, strange to say, gave America the credit.

I had always heard that the British were conceited and ungrateful, but I found that those statements were untrue. One Londoner said that if the Yanks hadn't come over the Huns would have had both London and Paris in a short time. Another American spoke to a Tommy about the great drive the British army was then making, and he said: "Well, you made us ashamed of ourselves and we had to do something."

North of Neufchateau our hikes became longer and harder, notwithstanding the great hardship on men and horses. We were needed for the drive, which the whole American army had been talking about.

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Whenever a horse would drop in his tracks we would unharness him and bring up one of the extra horses to take his place, so that the hike was little delayed. The nights were so chilly that the drivers had to dismount and walk at times, while the boys who were walking sought a rest in the saddle. Toward morning one could hear the remark that we were "almost there," and as we approached a village everybody would speculate as to whether this was our town at last.

As we approached Mandres we found the roads alive with troops and artillery moving forward, every sign of the approaching battle was in evidence and an air of expectancy prevailed. In the black night of September 7th, we pulled into our positions on the new front.

CHAPTER XIII.

Saint Mihiel, the First All-American Victory.

OUR first four days upon the new front were days of feverish activity. We piled up the great number of shells brought us and got the guns into working order. The telephone details ran their lines from the battery to the P.C. and O.P. and set up their switchboards in shellholes or trenches. In running a line to the observation post, which was located directly behind the infantry trenches in a wood, one of the details ran across a store of food consisting of corned beef and hardtack and cans of monkey meat. Work was stopped a moment while we filled our shirts with boxes of hardtack and cans of monkey meat. Just then a doughboy came along and informed us that all the stores were condemned, having been tainted with mustard gas. We noted that they were in good solid tins and being hungry decided to take the risk, so we carried them off, one of the boys remarking that he always did like

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mustard with his meat and bread, anyway. No fatalities resulted from the consumption of the goods, so the news spread and soon small parties could be seen going forward, disregarding the risk of occasional shell bursts and snipers' bullets, and soon the entire store had vanished.

The days were quiet, but we knew it was the calm preceding the storm. We were all jubilant and confident of the future. We came in contact with American divisions which had just come across and it was a shame the way the Rainbow-Hoosiers described the lurid details of warfare to them and told of many hair-raising adventures. Two service stripes give an American soldier unofficial license to spiel unbelievable tales without contradictions from Yankees of lesser experience.

The very little time which we had off duty was spent at the Y.M.C.A. reading room or in the Salvation Army building in Mandres. Arguments over the merits of the Y.M.C.A. have always been rife in the regiment, but there was none regarding the Salvation Army, for here they served hot pancakes from morning until night to the

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soldiers. It will probably be admitted by all that our regiment received few benefits from the "Y" during its entire service in Europe, compared to the benefits which units behind the lines and in the camps of the United States received. Writing paper was usually plentiful but it was the little luxuries which we craved for, and we never received a sufficient supply of such things. Weeks at a time we were without a single bar of chocolate, and the few sweets we could at times buy from the French were very expensive. During these weeks we were continually reading of all the good which was being done for the dear boys at the front and of course it made us all the more angry, until the "Y" lost almost all the respect it had ever had. We knew that the drafted boys at home were being benefitted by the organization and learned in our slight contact with the back areas that the members of the S.O.S. were receiving supplies. The papers told us of the hotels and theaters in Paris and at Aix-Les-Bains which had been acquired by the "Y" for the entertainment of soldiers on leave, but as we never had the pleasure of going on

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leave, this meant nothing to us. If we wrote about the situation in our letters to the folks at home the censor would strike the passages out and as Hoosiers are not inclined to be crabbers anyway, we let the matter drop. The Y.M.C.A. secretaries were, as a rule, good and conscientious men, but they could do nothing, they said, because of the difficulties of transportation. They claimed that the staff would not give them enough trucks to carry their supplies to the front, so there the question rested, with no one satisfied. The army commissaries were no better, because they were usually so far behind the lines that we could not visit them and only headquarters companies and staffs received the benefits.

We noticed that when our Congressman Bland went back to the States he told the truth about the Y. M. C. A., but it seemed no one believed him. In fact, we read an editorial in a Fort Wayne paper attacking him bitterly for his unAmericanism. Some day, and soon perhaps, the soldier boys will say what they think about it all.

An editorial from the "Stars and Stripes,"
January 24, 1919:

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To be thoroughly fashionable these days it is absolutely essential to jump on the Y.M.C.A. All the best people are doing it. An investigation at the Red Triangle has been in progress in the States and the same newspapers which, a few months ago, were rashly giving over their columns to quite unscrutinized publicity for the Y's are now devoting those columns to the most blistering criticism.

Out of all the jabber there will probably emerge the fact that the Y.M.C.A. was unexpectedly burdened with a much bigger task than it could possibly have performed to the satisfaction of all concerned, and that it was chiefly handicapped by an unfortunate chosen personnel. In its personnel its chief weakness was lain.

And on this point it should be remembered that the Y, unlike the government, has to take what it could get. It could not draft, and it was obliged to do its recruiting for a most difficult job after the best America could boast in youth and enthusiasm had already been pledged to the Army and Navy.



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How difficult its problem was you will never appreciate till you try to select a half a dozen ideal Y secretaries from among your own acquaintances. Old Shag Brown, the former football star, you say. But Brown was an artillery officer-graduate of the first Plattsburg camp. Buck Jones, then. But Buck has five kids and couldn't possibly walk out on them. Well, then, Hank Norton. Ah, but Norton enlisted in the infantry and was killed leading his platoon on November 11th. You see, it wasn't easy.

Perhaps it would have been better if the Y.M.C.A. had been a mere shell to receive the money the home folks were sure to want to blow on luxuries for their boys at war, a great plate to catch not only the millions of oil kings, but the nickels of the wash-woman. The personnel to distribute all these bounties could have been chosen from the army's own ranks—as time went on—from among the men crippled in the fighting. A wounded man would have made the ideal Y.M.C.A. secretary. There was no one else in all the world who could have understood soldiers so well or been so well understood by them.

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At 1:00 A.M., September 12th, our concentrated artillery with all its might sent over the stupendous and fierce barrage, which we had all expectantly longed to hear. The roar was so loud that we could scarcely distinguish the deep intonation of our own howitzers from the sharp report of the 75's. Behind us the great naval and railroad guns were sending their messages of death and destruction toward Metz and its railroads. For four hours the deafening roar and blinding flashes of cannon continued, sending over the terrible barrage.

Then at 5:00 A.M. the infantry went over preceded by the tanks. On this morning a brilliant rainbow emerged from the mists across the horizon. With cries of the Rainbow the boys of our division leaped ahead of the tanks and pressed on in irresistible waves to the German trenches.

The enemy replied with feeble artillery, machine gun and rifle fire. They were in a demoralized state by this time and those who had escaped death in their sumptuous dugouts surrendered in droves. The Yanks pressed on, attaining every objective, and

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on the second day the operation was completed.

At last our air service was superior in numbers or equal, at least, to the enemy during a battle. It was a new experience for us to be unmolested by Boche planes, in fact, almost every Hun who made his appearance was downed in flames or forced down by maneuvering, and by the superior strategy of the American pilot. Our bombing planes harassed the lines of communication far behind the German lines continually.

The engineers also had a superhuman task in making the roads over No Man's land passable. All day and all night they worked indefatigably. Old roads were repaired and new roads were constructed, while in very bad places bridges and wooden roadways were built of wooden planks.

The congestion of roads was extremely bad. One night we were on the road near Seicherprey for ten hours exposed to a chilling wind, and we wore no overcoats, when we made the progress of only three kilometers. In all our experience of hikes this

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was the worst, for inaction is much harder upon a man than continuous walking in such weather. For one thing the sensation of being unable to sleep, though one is fatigued, is very unpleasant. Meanwhile droves of Hun prisoners were streaming back of the lines. Our divisional prison pens were filled. Each prisoner was put through a questioning test for the purpose of obtaining information. In the open pens they seemed very happy at having come out of the battle alive. They were all smiles and waved to their own comrades as they came in the gate. One of them said, "The war is over but the Kaiser doesn't know it." The officers did not appear quite so cheerful, for on every hand they were jeered by their own soldiers.

In its advance the regiment passed through Beaumont, Flirey, Essey and Pannes. The last named town had been a supply base for the Huns and we found vast stores of equipment and food there. Eventually all the streets were given American names, for example, Rue Rainbow, Rue Indiana and Rue Alabama.

Our final positions were in the woods be-

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fore Beney. The entire operation had gone off like clockwork, every objective had been attained in the two days' fighting and an immense amount of arms, ammunition and supplies had been captured, besides 16,000 prisoners and 443 guns, at a cost of only 7,000 casualties, most of which were light. The entire world was thrilled by the signal success of the new American first army. The Huns saw defeat staring them in the face and never regained the morale they had lost. Of prime importance, too, was the freeing of the large territory from German domination, and at last our lines were in a position to threaten Metz.

Now we settled down to hold what we had gained and to establish a strong line here which we should have for the next American troops who should occupy this sector. We were living in luxurious little houses which the Huns had erected in the woods. They were roughly constructed and their interiors resembled those of the lumber camp shacks in North America, with the double-decked bunks ranging the walls with deutsche postcards and pictures of Hindenburg and the Kaiser. They even had elec-

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tric lights. In some of the surrounding buildings we found carloads of propaganda papers. One of them, called "America in Europe," paid the Rainbow division a compliment by criticising it.

Our days were moderately active and in the nights we were usually visited by bombing planes. The Boche made several attempts to counterattack but they were all dismal failures.

Beney was shelled by the Boche regularly, but we had made some explorations over there and in doing so saw some fine gardens which the Boche had cultivated, thinking that he would enjoy the products. But as a result of his "strategic retreat" they were left unused. So the brilliant idea struck us that we should reap the benefits and accordingly a party of five visited the place one day.

It so happened that the potato patch in which we were intently digging, was under enemy observation and as we were toiling away, whiz, bang, came a big shell over to our particular patch. We lost no time about starting the other way, but we were bound to hang on to our sacks of precious food,

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even when another shell exploded a little closer. We might die, but if we didn't, we would have something to show for the time we had spent. Another came over, this time so close that we were showered with mud. Into our wagons we jumped, and galloped off down the street while the shells screamed, for the first few shells were only preliminary to a general bombardment. The potatoes were eaten with satisfaction at supper time but we never visited Beney again.

On the night of the twenty-fourth, we packed up and moved to new positions in a vast forest near Vigneulles. Our O. P. was on the hill upon which Hattonchated is located, from whence we had a commanding view of the surrounding country. The enemy's mainstay in this sector was the long range guns which swept our back areas, and casualties were higher at our echelons in the rear than at the battery positions themselves. However, we could see no prospects of advancement here and cast about for new fronts to conquer.

CHAPTER XIV.

Night Hikes to Montfaucon.

OUR hope of not missing an American drive during the war was gratified at nightfall, October 1st, when the regiment moved off the Woevre front on our journey to the Meuse-Argonne battle. We spent the first day in a woods near Non-sard, for our rest came during the day and our movements were carried on under cover of darkness, the object being, of course, to keep all information of troop movements from the enemy. During our hikes the men were not permitted to smoke, as even the light of a cigarette might furnish a target for enemy bombers, one of their missions being to interfere with movements along the roads behind our lines.

On the second night we passed through the elaborate enemy trenches; this time on the left of what had been the boundries of the salient for four years. We might note here why the Germans were so successful in the methods of trench warfare. They built their trenches and dugouts with the aim of

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maximum comfort and protection. So we were surprised when we swept over these old lines on our attack to find them made of concrete with dugout interiors furnished with booty gathered from captured French towns, and in appearance resembling civilian homes, even having electric lights. It was this expenditure of effort upon these defenses which made the Hun think that they were impregnable.

This continuous warfare along this front had, however, laid waste the country and the towns along the battle line. One of the beautiful villages typical of this desecration was La Croix. The moon cast its light upon the village and we could see the beautiful cathedral now in ruins, but appearing all the more beautiful for that, and standing proudly a monument to the Hun's barbarism.

Past Troyon we left the Verdun road and traveled northwest, also beginning day hikes. As the rumble of artillery on the new front became more distinct, the more of the American army in reserve seemed to line the roads to see our procession. One major of the Medical Corps remarked,

NIGHT HIKES

“Here’s where hospital trade picks up,” which remark contained more truth than poetry, for it was by this time an established fact that the Rainbows never hesitated in the face of any danger but carried on, and naturally its casualty list was always high. The last days of the hike were through the historic Verdun battle region, in which were such famous spots as Dead Man’s Hill. The former No Man’s land was the most desolate, ravaged region we had ever seen. Nothing had been permitted to live, the trees were charred, scarred, dead; the ground had been ploughed by artillery so long that it was a mass of shell holes. Our engineers had built wooden bridges over the ground, for no wagon could ever have been hauled across the surface, which resembled a choppy sea. In Hesse forest we pitched our pup tents for the night’s sleep; but level spots could not be found, except in the shell holes, which were filled with water, so we had to be contented to sleep on ridges of the uneven surface.

The morning of October seventh saw the regiment on the way to the front and passing through towns and villages which ex-

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isted only in name. In fact, the engineers were obtaining the stone for repairs from the mounds of debris which had once been homes. We passed through Montfaucon, in which town a few walls were still standing. From the hill upon which the town was situated we had a commanding view of the surrounding landscape, a wonderful panorama of hills and valleys verdant with life lay before us, for the territory north of Montfaucon had not been fought over since 1914, though the French had made some progress toward it after defeating the armies of the Crown Prince before Verdun, when the German hordes swept over it. Even the countless bursts of enemy projectiles added to the beauty of the scene.

CHAPTER XV.

The Meuse-Argonne Drive.

THE enemy was sweeping the entire area with his artillery when our guns were pulled into position that night, but next day it was even worse. The fire directed upon us were the whiz-bangs, which, unlike the average shells, gave no warning of their coming because they traveled faster than sound. The first one could see of them was the white column of smoke running from the ground it had struck, the sound came later. Gun positions are always selected behind the crest of a hill or down the slope, so that the hill may be a protection. Most shells will either hit on the opposite side of the crest or will go over into the valley, so that the position is hard to hit. However, on this front the shells were coming over so fast and thick that no place was safe and our casualties were high.

It was no uncommon thing to see a wagon blown off the road or a field kitchen hit or a gun struck, all of which of course meant casualties. Yet, a soldier never has but one

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thought, and that is to go forward, regardless of what might happen to him. But afterwards he may realize what a narrow escape he had and feel thankful, as an incident will show from a page of my diary.

"October 8th—We were discussing the German peace appeal to President Wilson which was printed in a paper we had gotten from an ambulance driver.

"Art said: 'These whiz-bangs Fritz is putting over don't sound like peace to me any more than those we are dosing him with.'

"'Well, anyway you take it, boys, we've got him licked, and I believe that all of us who live through this battle will get home,' replied Danny."

A shell had already wounded two near our kitchen. Shells were exploding everywhere, so one place was as safe as another. I went over and had just started eating when I saw the part of the temporary trench, which we were using for a telephone central, screened by an exploding shell. I thought it had come over, but no. Just then Smithy and Nitterfield jumped out calling for help.

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We were immediately on the way with stretchers, when I looked down I saw that poor Art was dead—an arm completely severed from his body. Dan has a hole through his stomach, but there are hopes that he will live. Cliff was seriously wounded about the legs and arms, while Smith and Nitterfield were also wounded. They all went to the hospital in the same ambulance.

It is a great blow to me, for though we have lost men on every front, these were my best pals, and I have worked with them from the time I joined the battery. Danny died on the way to the hospital.

(Official report by Col. Robert H. Tyndall, Commander of the regiment, to Adj. Gen. Harry B. Smith.

Killed in Action

Long, Arthur D. Battery "B", October 8th, 1918.

Died of Wounds

Slentz, Daniel R., Battery "B", died October 8th, 1918.

(Died of wounds received in action, October 8th, 1918.)

Fine boys; there wasn't a yellow streak in them. And this is the reason why the slackers had better keep their heads shut when we come back. While getting the switchboard out of the wrecked trench, a shell exploded near me and I fell flat in the trench. I got a jolt in the back and was scared to moved for fear I was knocked out,

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but had to laugh when I found it was only a chunk of mud thrown up by the shell. I set the switchboard up behind the guns. All communications are operating O.K. again.

The chaplain came over and Art was buried. I saw them bury him from a distance, while fixing up the demolished switchboard. I couldn't be there, but my heart was with him anyway. A simple cross marks the grave and a Rainbow marker will be placed there later.

The following night we paid the Huns back with interest, the artillery activity along our lines reaching an intense drum fire. During these days we witnessed some great air activity and at times the air was black with planes. The largest number of planes within sight at one time was eighty-two. They flew in parties maintaining definite formations until an enemy esquadron was sighted, then single planes would swoop down, picking off single planes from the opposite group.

Our dogged progress in the face of stubborn enemy resistance continued and we left Montfaucon and Charpentry in the rear and

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came to the vicinity of Exermont, along the valley among the hills toward Landres and St. Georges, where we took the place of the first division, which returned to the back areas in reserve. The nature of the ground, which was ideal for machine-gun defense and very difficult for the attacking force, made this sector the scene of the hardest and most stubborn inch-by-inch fighting in which the Rainbow Division had ever participated, and this was saying much, for we had been in the line more days than any other division. The task of the American army was the most severe of the entire front, for its position was the hinge of the Allied offensive. Since a victory here would mean the destruction of the rail communications of the German army through Mezieres and Sedan and would result in a great German defeat, the German general staff staked everything on holding us here. The best Hun divisions were sent to oppose our army, thus weakening his other fronts and permitting the British and French to advance. In spite of the enemies, desperate resistance we were making progress, step by step.



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An example of the terrific combat and one of the toughest jobs assigned to our division was the taking of Hill 288. Though history generally marks victories by the names of cities, towns or rivers some of the most important and critical operations in this war have been against positions isolated and generally unknown; as an example of this, Chateau Thierry might be taken, for the mention of that town thrills the nation, yet the actual capture of the town was nothing as difficult as the capture of certain hills north of the Ourcq.

Our glorious divisions had fought in every form of warfare, staple trench warfare in Lorraine, defensive in Champagne and in the Chateau Thierry and St. Mihiel drives we assumed the offensive. The only method we did not know was retreat. Our first attack against the hill was attempted from the front, but we received a setback; from the woods on either side of our infantry poured death in the form of machine-gun and rifle bullets and shells of 77's fired point blank. Some tactician might say we here got our first taste of defeat, but the Rainbow commanders knew that it meant

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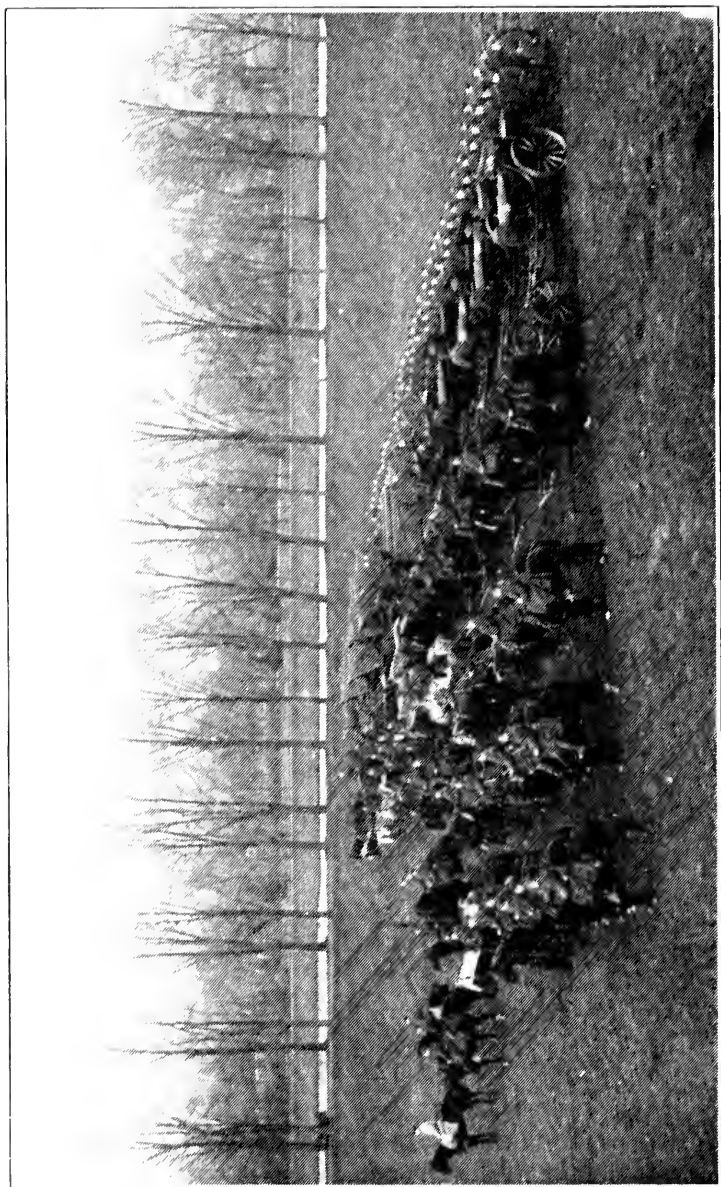
nothing to our doughboys except greater determination, so other attacks were launched and finally they succeeded in passing the first strands of barbed wire which protected the Huns. Through the woods, up the slippery slopes on all sides they pressed on, meeting with obstructions and a terrible fire. They lost many men but didn't know how to quit until their job was finished. The artillery was assisting them in every way possible, the shells from our 155 howitzers tearing up machine-gun nests, barbed wire and trenches before them. The hill was won and the few Huns who lived through the battle were taken prisoners.

In other operations we were assisted by the tanks and their work was magnificent. We were often sharing the same billet with the men of the tank corps and our admiration for them was high. For the most part, they were equipped with the small two-man French tanks, which had the advantage of being fast. The duty of the tanks was to go ahead of the infantry and rush into the midst of enemy lines and defenses, thereupon to fire their one-pounders to attain as

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much destruction as possible. Oftentimes they would pass over the nests destroying the machine guns, which, of course, was a great help to the infantry, who followed them closely. A well placed shot from a Hun anti-tank gun would put the tank out of business, however, and often would kill the driver who sat in the front of the armoured compartment, or perhaps it would strike into the turret chamber where the gunner was using his one-pounder. The German anti-tank gun is a huge rifle which fires a bullet about five times the size of a Springfield rifle bullet. These tank boys were philosophical, as almost all soldiers are, and believed that they would not get killed until their turn came, or, as they put it again, they would not die until the bullet with their number on it came over. There has been a great deal said about the religion of fighting men, but I have found that it varies in the man very little from civil life, except that such barriers as creeds often have to be done away with in the army.

Even the chaplains, who are ministers of certain churches, become very liberal in their thought and have no trouble in



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preaching sermons acceptable to Catholics, Protestants, Jews and free thinkers alike. Men have, however, had more time to think of such things since joining the army, for many hours spent at the front when reading was impossible had to be taken up some way and the best method of using the time seemed to be in meditation. Usually a greater faith in Providence was a result and a resolve to live better in the future if one was lucky enough to live through the war. The baser things of life assumed practically no place in a soldier's thoughts, while the real fundamental facts attained their correct place. Country, loved ones, friends, and homes received almost all his thoughts. Nothing was so valuable, yes, priceless, as a letter from home.

On October fourteenth, the first corps of which we were a unit, launched an attack at 8:30 A.M. with extensive artillery preparation. We used O.A. shells with I.A.L. fuses which made the most powerful explosive we had, having a destructive area of two hundred meters. The barrage was terrific, lasting several hours and as a result of the attack we captured Sain Juvin. Slim,

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an old friend of ours of the Alabama wildcats, was among the wounded coming back from the attack. The way to the hospital, this being his third wound, "Oh boys," he said, "You all doan know how powerful you alls guns is. Why when the barrage came creepin' along upon the Dutch they blowed 'em in all directions, slaughterin' 'em like the hogs they are."

The observation posts of the regiment were located on one of the hills we had captured from which a fine view of the enemy territory could be obtained. Telephone lines were run from the batteries to these posts so that the observer could direct the firing of his battery at the same time as he was watching the explosions of his projectiles in relation to his target. These lines had to be run in spite of mud and other difficulties and kept in working order. The southern side of the hill was thick with fox-holes occupied by the reserve infantry, for its steep slope was a good protection against enemy shell fire. Except when an attack is launched or expected by one side or the other, only a fraction of an infantry force is stationed in the front lines, while the

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majority are stationed in places which afford better protection and at the same time are so situated that the men can be quickly brought up in case of emergency.

The Huns knew that we were using the hill for observing purposes and he made it as hot as possible for us by sending over his compliments in the form of shells. If one happened to be in the right state of mind the constant singing of the projectiles was funny. Through the observing glasses at one time we saw a small party of German soldiers carrying a Red Cross flag across No Man's land. Strange to say, not a shot was fired at them, either by the doughs or the artillery, though they made a fine target. I say strange, for so often they used an innocent means to cover a sinister purpose.

The progress of the first army had reached the point now which justified an attempt to break the German line, and thereby, in all probability, to bring the Germans into such a state of chaos that they would be forced to sue for peace.



CHAPTER XVI.

The Final Victory.

IN conformation with the plans the Hoosier regiment moved to forward positions just in rear of the infantry trenches and between Flurville and Sommerance. The roads which we traveled in going up that night were being swept by shells and a sight not uncommon was the blowing up of wagons along the roads, in fact, some of our own caissons never reached their destination. Never before had we occupied positions closer to the enemy lines, for here we were in range of their machine guns.

However, we made our preparations, erecting some protection for the guns as well as for ourselves, camouflaging and bringing up ammunitions. Then we laid low; we could not even fire, for that would have meant sure destruction. We were so close up that the Huns could easily have blown us up with their guns had we revealed our location. As it was, we were constantly harassed by the enemy fire. We were used to being under fire and to having

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our comrades wounded or killed in our midst; but at other times we had the satisfaction of giving them overdoses of their own medicine; here, however, we had to turn the other cheek. Not being content with firing H.E.'s into us, the enemy added gas. His aeroplanes came over often and dropped some bombs. The sensation created by hearing the whine of a shell coming in our direction and the suspense while waiting for it to explode, was not pleasant. Often we were showered with mud and fragments, while of course some of the fellows got worse than that. No one knew when his time would come and we prayed for the big drive to begin.

At 3:00 A.M., November first, the battery executive gave the order to fire, and at the instant our guns spoke the entire concentrated artillery of the First American Army broke forth as if set off by an electric spark. Countless machine guns behind us added their sharp popping to a turmoil. The front was ablaze and the noise was terrific. We could scarcely hear our own guns fire and conversation was impossible. At last we were giving it to the Huns, every-

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body was happy and paid no attention to the bursts of enemy projectiles in the vicinity. The greatest barrage we had ever participated in was on, surely nothing could withstand it. The fury of righteousness was loosed against the barbaric autocrats, the result could have been nothing but victory.

The infantry following our barrage broke the enemy's lines and resistance. On they swept with us following with the greatest speed possible, days and nights of constant pursuit. The Hun armies were routed and each day added to our gains. By the eleventh the Rainbows had reached Sedan, the farthest point of American advance, and were still pressing on. General Pershing's official report read, "On the sixth a division of the first corps (Rainbow) reached a point on the Meuse opposite Sedan, twenty-five miles from our line of departure. The strategical goal which was our highest hope was gained. We had cut the enemy's main line of communications and nothing but surrender or an armistice could save his army from complete disaster."

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"SUPERB—NO OTHER WORD"

Says Marshal Foch of Yanks.

Marshal Foch, in an authorized interview at Trier this week, told a gathering of American correspondents: "Your soldiers were superb. Yes, they were superb," he continued, "There is no other word."

The statement follows, in part:

"It is for me a happy opportunity to tell you all the good I think of the American army and of the part it played at our side. Your soldiers were superb. They came to us young and enthusiastic, carried forward by a vigorous idealism, and they marched to battle with admirable gallantry.

"Yes, they were superb. There is no other word. When they appeared our armies were, as you understand, fatigued by three years of relentless struggle and the mantle of war lay heavily upon them. We were magnificently comforted by the virility of your Americanism. The youth of the United States brought a renewal of hope that hastened victory.

"Not only was this moral factor of the highest importance, but also you brought

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enormous material aid, and the wealth which you placed at our disposal contributed to the final success. Nobody among us will ever forget what America did, and you know what happened on the fields of battle since the month of July; first, on the Marne and then in the region of Verdun. General Pershing wished, as far as possible, to have his army concentrated in an American sector.

“The Argonne and the heights of the Meuse were a sector hard to tackle. There were there considerable obstacles. ‘All right’, I said to him. ‘Your men have the devil’s own hunch. They will overcome everything. Go to it.’ And finally everything went well. Everything went so well that here we are on the Rhine.

“MARSHAL FOCH.”

“General John J. Pershing, A.E.F., France:

“Accept my warmest congratulations on the brilliant achievements of the army under your command. The boys have done what we expected of them and done it in the way we most admire. We are deeply proud of them and their chief. Please con-

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vey to all concerned my grateful and affectionate thanks.

(Signed) "WOODROW WILSON."

Received by Pershing.

"My Dear General:

"The First American Army under your command on the first day has won a magnificent victory by a maneuver as skillfully prepared as it was valiantly acted. I extend to you as well as to the officers and troops under your command my warmest compliments.

"MARSHAL FOCH."

The following telegram was received after the battle:

"General Pershing, Headquarters, A.E.F.:

"All ranks of the British army in France welcome with unbounded admiration and pleasure the victory which has attended the initial offensive of the great American Army which is under your personal command. I beg you to accept and to convey to all ranks my best congratulations and those of all ranks of the British armies under my command.

(Signed) "HAIG."

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“Headquarters, 42d Division, A.E.F.

“To the Officers and Men of the 42d Division:

“On the 13th of August, I addressed to you a letter summarizing the record of your achievements in Lorraine, before Chalons and on the Ourcq. On the occasion of my leaving the division I wish to recall to you your services since that time and to express to you my appreciation of the unfailing spirit of courage and cheerfulness with which you have met and overcome the difficult tasks which have confronted you.

“After leaving the region of Chateau Thierry you had scarcely been assembled in your new area when you were ordered to advance by hard night marches to participate in the attack of the St. Mihiel salient. In this first great operation of the American army you were instructed to attack in the center of the 4th army corps and to deliver the main blow in the direction of the heights overlooking the Madine river. In the battle that followed you took every objective in accordance with the plan of the army commander. You advanced fourteen

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kilometers in twenty-eight hours. You pushed forward advance elements five kilometers farther, or nineteen kilometers beyond your original starting point. You took more than 1,000 prisoners from nine enemy divisions. You captured seven villages and forty-two square kilometers of territory. You seized large supplies of food, clothing, ammunition, guns and engineering material.

“Worn though you were by ceaseless campaigning since February, you then moved to Verdun region to participate in the greatest blow which your country’s armies have struck west of the Meuse. You took Hill 288, La Tuilerie Farm and the Cote DeChatillon and broke squarely across the powerful Kriemhilde Stellung, clearing the way for the advance beyond St. Georges and Landres-et-St. Georges. Marching and fighting day and night you thrust through the advancing lines of the forward troops of the First Army. You drove the enemy across the Meuse. You captured the heights and dominating the river before Sedan and reached in the lines the farthest point attained by any American troops.

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"Since September 12th you have taken over 1,200 prisoners; you have freed twenty-five French villages; you have recovered over 150 square kilometers of French territory and you have captured great supplies of enemy munitions and material.

"Whatever may come in the future, the men of this division will have the proud consciousness that they have thus far fought wherever the American flag has flown most gloriously in this war. In the determining battle before Chalons, in the bloody drive from Chateau Thierry to the Vesle, in the blotting out of the St. Mihiel salient and in the advance to Sedan you have played a splendid and leading part.

"I know that you will give the same unfailing support to whoever may succeed me as your commander, and that you will continue to bear forward without faltering the colors of the Rainbow division. I leave you with deep and affectionate regret, and I thank you again for your loyalty to me and your services to your country. You have struck a vital blow in the greatest war in history. You have proved to the world in



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no mean measure that our country can defend its own.

“This order will be read to all organizations at the first assembly formation after its receipt.

“JOHN J. PERSHING,

“General Commander-in-Chief,

“American Expeditionary Forces.

“Official: ROBERT C. DAVIS,

“Adjutant-General.”

The enemy has capitulated. It is fitting that I address myself in thanks directly to the officers and soldiers of the American Expeditionary Forces, who, by their heroic efforts, have made possible this glorious result.

Our armies, hurriedly raised and hastily trained, met a veteran enemy, and by courage, discipline and skill always defeated him. Without complaint you have endured incessant trials, privations and dangers. You have seen many of your comrades make the supreme sacrifice that Freedom may live.

I thank you for the patience and courage with which you have endured. I congratulate

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late you upon the splendid fruits of victory which your heroism and the blood of our gallant dead are now presenting to our nation. Your deeds will live forever on the most glorious pages of American history.

Those things you have done. There remains now a harder task, which will test your soldierly qualities to the utmost. Succeed in this and little note will be taken and few praises will be sung; fail, and the light of your glorious achievement of the past will sadly be dimmed.

But you will not fail. Every natural tendency may urge toward relaxation in discipline, in conduct, in appearance, and in everything that marks the soldier. Yet you will remember that each officer and each soldier is the representative in Europe of his people and that his brilliant deeds of yesterday permit no action of today to pass unnoticed by friend or by foe.

You will meet this test as gallantly as you have met the tests of the battlefields. Sustained by your high ideals and inspired by the heroic part you have played, you will carry back to our people the proud con-

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sciousness of a new Americanism born of sacrifice.

Whether you stand on hostile territory or on the free soil of France, you will so bear yourself in discipline, appearance and respect for all civil rights that you will confirm for all time the pride and love which every American feels for your uniform and for you.

JOHN J. PERSHING,
General Commander-in-Chief.

The citation was signed by Brigadier-General MacArthur and Colonel William N. Hughs, Jr., chief of staff. The citation follows:

“The Forty-second Division has now been in France more than a year. From the time it assembled from the ports of debarkation the division has remained continuously in the zone of the armies, its first training area being within the sound of the guns of St. Mihiel. In February, 1918, the division first went into line and has been in contact with the enemy almost continuously since that time until the armistice was signed by the Germans on November 11, 1918. Out

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of the 224 days of the great war which have elapsed since it first entered the line the division has been engaged with the enemy 180 days and the balance of the time has been spent in moving from front to front or in reserve close behind the front.

“The division was marched by road, traveled by camion and moved by train; it has held a wide sector front in Lorraine; it has been in battle in Champagne, in the Woevre, at St. Mihiel and in the Argonne. It was the only American division to assist in the disastrous defeat of the great German offensive of July 15th on the battlefield in Champagne. From that time on it has taken part in every large American operation.

“In November, when German power was finally broken, the division as it lay before Sedan had reached the northernmost point attained by the first American army in its magnificent advance.

“The American high command has long rated and employed the 42d Division as a first-class shock division. The French commanders under whom the division has served have cited it in orders and now a captured German document shows the regard in

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which the division has been held by the enemy. The weekly summary of information for October 9, 1918, of the German group of armies which held the front from the Argonne to the Meuse, enumerates the American units on its front and makes the following statement:

“The engagement of the 42d Division is to be expected soon. It is in splendid fighting condition and is counted among the best American divisions.’

“In the course of its service the division has taken prisoners from twenty-six enemy divisions, including three imperial guard divisions and twenty-two separate units.”



CHAPTER XVII.

Peace.

DURING the days of strenuous advance we heard rumors, or snow, as it is called in the army, of every conceivable event possible; the Kaiser had abdicated about a dozen times, the Huns were begging for peace and the war would soon be over, in fact, we were fooled almost as badly as the folks at home when, on the seventh, peace was celebrated. Our only advantage was that we were so used to snow that we believed nothing we heard anyway. We could get no newspapers, so we did not know what the situation was, but the hope was that the fruits of victory would not be snatched from us by anything short of a complete surrender.

The dawn of the eleventh found the Hoosier regiment in the fields between Buzancy and Sedan worn out by incessant hiking over muddy country but happy in the confidence of victory. Firing had been heavy along the American front the night before and all the snow about peace seemed

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to have been untrue; but orders were received by the artillery to cease firing at eleven A.M., and on the dot hostilities ceased and the front became strangely quiet. We were now confident that it was over, but no one seemed to be inclined toward hilarity. We sat about the camp fires which were roaring now, with no care whether the enemy saw them or not, talking of home, or some might be seen walking about singing to themselves.

Soon, however, the solemnity was lifted, for some of the boys had found a dump of signal rockets and lights, and in a short time the skies became brilliant with flares, lights and skyrockets. The band had come up to a nearby village and was playing with circus-day pep. The strains of song emanated from many a quartette and the most mooted question became, "When do we go home?"

As darkness fell all doubts which had lingered in our minds were dispelled, for the country from No Man's land to Paris was ablaze. Fireworks of every description, signal rockets, star shells and flares added their brilliancy to the scene. Aeroplanes

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dropped virey lights; the rays of searchlights swept the skies and camp fires blazed, but the strangest sight to our eyes were the roads lighted by the headlights of automobiles, motorcycles and trucks, for in war time they had to travel in absolute darkness.

The different units of the regiment were now called together. The third battalion had reached the farthest point of advance of the regiment, having swept on in the first wave of the torrent pursuing the Boche, while the balance of the batteries were floundering along the slow congested roads. Now the entire regiment was assembled in Harricourt and adjacent fields, where we pitched our pup tents on the frosty ground and awaited further orders.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Nach Dem Rhein.

“WE don’t know where we’re going but we’re on our way,” expressed the sentiment of the regiment as we left Harricourt on the morning of November fourteenth, for we did not know definitely whether we were going home or to Germany. Both had their advantages in our estimation. Now that the war was over our anxiety to get home increased, for up to this time we had been doing what he had come over for, fighting; now that we had accomplished our ends, a certain subtle sickness began to assert itself. However, we did think that if an army was sent to Germany we should be given that honor along with any other veteran division who might compose it. Naturally, we were all anxious to say we had wound up the watch on the Rhine and wished to do other romantic things which the popular song writers had advised the folks back home that we would do.

Our first stop was at Imecourt, where we

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found billets in partially destroyed houses, which, however, contained the large French fireplaces which kept things warm, their only fault being that they filled the rooms with smoke. We spent some pleasant moments before the fireplaces talking over past experiences; already this habit had taken hold of us; pity the home folks!

Our ardor was dampened visibly on the second day, however, when we received a large consignment of horses and several men from the 80th Division. The horses, of course, were viewed from our eyes as just so many square inches of grooming space. As for the men, we knew it was necessary to bring up the regiment to war strength, but it did not seem right to give drafted men who scarcely knew what a battle was the honor of having their names on the rolls of the Rainbow division, a veteran organization of volunteers.

Next evening we were on the way again through a biting wind, now sure that we were going to Germany. When on the march the regiment formed a column four kilometers in length on the road. After a hard sixteen kilometer hike over extremely

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hilly country we arrived at our day's destination, where we pitched our pup tents by the roadside and built bonfires to stave off the cold. The only trouble with the fires was that they consisted mainly of old German shell baskets, which at times took crazy notions of exploding and several men visited the hospital as a result.

During the hike of the following day we crossed the Meuse at Dun proceeding on to Harmcourt, where we remained two days. Here a part of the men had billets and a part were forced to sleep in the fields near the picket lines despite the fact that the first snow of the year was falling. On the following day each man received a leather jerkin with other equipment. This article of apparel was warm and of good material, but a joke was made of them by an order which prohibited men from wearing them on the outside, in other words they were to be worn beneath the blouse and as the blouses fit too snugly already they could not accommodate anything underneath and the jerkins lost their value. We were permitted to take a two-minute bath beneath the shower on the second day, which gave us

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some relief for the time being from the cooties. We had read about sterilizing machines and had even seen pictures of them, but our regiment never obtained one so we had to take our condition as a matter of course.

The sixth day brought us to the important little city of Montmedy. Our column entered it, just as the President of France and his retinue alighted from the train to visit the liberated inhabitants. The populace was wild with joy and greeted the appearance of the party with great enthusiasm. Poincare is a man of average build but I was struck by his frail appearance, no doubt due to his great responsibilities. His face was pale though it was lit by a smile. He was accompanied by diplomats and dignitaries wearing silk hats and by several high officers wearing the brilliant parade uniforms of the French army.

About the town we saw hundreds of cannon and vast stores of material left by the Huns in accordance with the armistice conditions. Here we fortunately came across two carloads of horseshoes, which were badly needed. This was not the first time

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that we had to depend on enemy stores, for at Chateau Thierry we had obtained much equipment from the enemy stores which were badly needed. After spending the night in a former Hun prison camp, we set off on the hike which took us to Belgium.

It had been a relief to come to such a city as Montmedy, where the people thronged the streets and visited the shops as they did in pre-war days. The buildings had not suffered from war and were now ablaze with flags of the Allies. At the front the only civilians we saw were refugees and the destroyed villages served as dwellings for soldiers alone. Now we were in a civilized, peaceful land, where property belong to individuals and we had to take them into consideration in our actions from this time on.

In the afternoon we crossed the Franco-Belgian frontier marked simply by iron posts containing the emblems of each nation on either side. The nature of the land was no different from the fine country of northern France, but the towns and villages seemed to show a greater peace-time prosperity than those of the neighboring Republic. Indeed, we were impressed by the

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cleanliness and neat appearance of the homes. Many towns, however, showed signs of the Hun's wanton destruction, in places they had been burned to the ground as a punishment to the people. The inhabitants told us how the Germans had swept across the country in 1914, and how the Belgians were forced at the point of bayonets to choose between Germany and Belgium. A woman told how she had been thrown out of her home naked and holding her half-year old baby in her arms.

Along the entire line of march the freed people were out in force waving flags and shouting for America. Their anxiety to honor America was shown by the American flags displayed everywhere. They were all home-made and varied in color as well as material. In some, blue dotted calico had been used for the field of the flag, in fact, the matter of the stars and their number seemed to be the stumbling block for most of them, for they varied in number, from one to fifty. Our first night in Belgium was spent in and about the village of Gomery.

Next day our hike included Arlon, a fine city, with a majestic cathedral. In the city

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streets as in every other Belgian town, triumphal arches spanned the streets and happy people thronged the walks along the line of march. Our stopping place for the night was Girsh. The inhabitants were the most hospitable of any we had come in contact with, and they did everything possible for our comfort. One party of soldiers arrived at their billet just as the family was eating and the lady of the house insisted that they sit down to the meal, consisting of potatoes, flapjacks and coffee. She said that the American Relief Commission had sent the potatoes and that its help had been continuous during the trying years of German occupation. The coffee was made of parched wheat and tasted very good, something similar to our coffee substitutes in the United States. The old lady had not been able to get real coffee since the first year of war. At the conclusion of the meal the soldier offered to pay but she refused, saying that she would not take money for we were all one family now and she would be the mother of them all. And these sentiments were common to all the Belgians we came in contact with. They had lined the

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streets of the village with evergreen trees which they had decorated with colored paper.

Next day we crossed the Belgian-Luxemburg border receiving a friendly welcome from the people. The tiny duchy had been neutral during the war, though the Huns had forced themselves upon the country, and we expected no great hospitality. However, in the capital city the Grand Duchess had received the Americans with thankfulness and the people followed suit. They were glad to be rid of the Germans and their anxiety was that we would be as overbearing as our predecessors. When they found out the real character of the American soldier they told us that they hoped we would stay.

Sauel was our first stop in Luxemburg and we remained there a week. It was there that we received our initiation into the mysteries of the German language, for that is the general language spoken though French is understood by many. Our greatest pleasure in Sauel was the food. There seemed to be plenty of potatoes, meat and sauerkraut and the Fraus' cooking appealed to us.



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Their pfannkuchen and wafflen were especially popular. However, we paid dearly for everything; but we had been paid recently and American soldiers were always the kind who bought what they desired at whatever the price as long as they had money.

The band concerts were especially popular with the inhabitants as well as with the soldiers and the band never lacked a large audience on the town square. Mersch, a neighboring city, was visited by men who could obtain passes, its main attraction being candy, which could be bought at only a few dollars a pound. The change in the money system was just as baffling to us as the language, for marks fluctuated in value so often that we scarcely ever knew its value in relation to the francs, with which we were paid. It was always a safe bet, however, that the Luxemburger would never lose anything by the exchange.

Our Thanksgiving Day was turkey-less but our cooks prepared an excellent meal with pie as the feature and we were satisfied. Schnapps and beer headed the Luxemburg list of drinks and as prohibition has not struck Europe or the army yet, the boys

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were permitted to indulge to a certain extent.

We bade Saue! goodbye December first and going by way of Mersch, where we passed under a hugh arch which bore the legend "Honor to Our Liberators," the regiment came to Bluscheid and neighboring villages, where it was quartered for the night.

The journey next day was made especially interesting by the picturesque scenery. Some villages were built upon very steep and barren cliffs while others were in the great valleys. Toward the end of the day's hike we came to the crest of a hill from which we could look down into a deep valley, through which ran a small river. Housetops and spires were far beneath us while across the valley great hills arose. We descended the road into the valley coming to Rosport, which is only a short distance from the German boundary. Its neutrality, however, was demonstrated by its two hotels, which faced each other. One was the Hotel Du Commerce while the other was the Hotel Zur Post.

We left Rosport on the morning of the

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third, crossing the international bridge at Echternach at 10:05 A.M. Germany at last! The only resistance we encountered was from a little fellow about five years of age, who was hurling stones at us with all his might. He wore a militant and defiant expression but we admired him for it, because he had more spirit than the entire German army. At Kaschenbach, in which town we were quartered the first night in Germany, we found the people were servile in attitude. They seemed afraid that we were going to commit acts of violence, such as their own soldiers had done in Belgium. They had been browbeaten by their own soldiers so long that they retained no spirit or self-confidence.

After noting our actions, however, they invited us into their homes and offered us food and comforts. We found that they had really never suffered from lack of food, though they were very short of it. On every hand we came in contact with the men we had been fighting continually. They were all happy that the war was over and one of them said that if Germany had won the Kaiser would not have stopped until the

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rest of the world had been defeated. War was only the desire of the upper classes he added. The old man in whose home I was billeted the first night was of a peculiar type. His pride and joy was the flint, with which he lit his pipe. He had a steel instrument which fit his hand and with it he struck the flint a sharp blow. The resultant spark lit the piece of punk which he held on top of the flint. I offered him a match but he told me that the flint was much better.

Our next move was to Messerich, where we were billeted for the most part in the haylofts of the town. On every hand we met ex-soldiers who were still wearing part of their uniforms for lack of anything else, and we were constantly swapping experiences with men we had defeated at such places as Chateau Thierry and Exermont. We were inclined to ignore them at first but when they spoke about having relation in the United States it was not difficult to get a conversation started, that is, if our own tongues happened to have the German accent that day.

Next day the line of march included Bitburg where the headquarters of the Third

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army was located, the different departments occupying the luxurious residences of the city. Our anger was aroused at seeing officers walking the streets in full uniform but it was explained that they were given a certain time in which to obtain different clothing. At a cigar stand one of these officers saw an American sergeant buy a package of expensive cigarettes and he remarked that the Americans seemed to have plenty of money. The Hoosier replied: "Yes, we have plenty of two things, money and good soldiers." The next three nights were spent at Bartaal, Murlenbach and Geralstein in turn. Then came Kerpin, where we spent five days.

It was here that we learned the value of soap. In other German towns it had rated high, but in Kerpin, where the housefraus prided themselves before the war upon their white clothes, soap was priceless. As a result the supply sergeant soon found that his had disappeared. The Americans became popular in every way and it was a common remark among the natives, that the Yanks treated them much better than their own soldiers. If a vote had been

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taken, this town would have petitioned the United States to take over the government of Rheinland. It was no uncommon thing to see Yankees trying their hands at threshing wheat by beating it with a flail.

Upon the hill which overshadowed Kerpin was an ancient castle where our Regimental Post of Command was temporarily located. The old castle had been built in 900, we were told, and from its ruins a great tower and house had been constructed. The old walls, however, were still standing, adding to the picturesqueness of the scene. The castle was owned by a wealthy artist, Fritz von Wille, who lived in Duzzledorf and who came here for the hunting season, for the surrounding wooded hilltops contained much game.

The next leg of the journey was ended at Antweiler. The distance across country was not great but the roads were so crooked, winding through the hills as they did, that at times we seemed to almost double upon our tracks, but we finally reached the village where we spent the last night of the hike.

We were now traveling along the valley

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of the Ahr river. At times the valley narrowed into a canyon and again it would become broad. The clear stream was filled with rapids, the current being swift from source to mouth. The great hills vary from the gently sloping kind to those of a steep and precipitous nature. A wonderful thing about these hills is the part man has played in remoulding them. Hundreds of years of prodigious effort by the people have terraced them into giant stairways and upon the levelled surfaces vineyards thrive.

Another display of the results of a vast expenditure of energy are the great tunnels which pierce the huge hills, allowing railroads and highways to pass beneath. The building of the railroad itself was a great engineering feat. We reached our destination, Neuenahr, December sixteenth, and immediately the hotels and villas which had in the past housed the rich health seekers of Germany became the billets of healthy Yankee fighting men.



Writing Home

CHAPTER XIX.

Bad-Neuenahr.

“**A**FTER going through the war with you, through mud, snow, and rain; after sharing a year’s hardship with you on the front, I must confess that this scene forms a disgusting anti-climax.” These were the jesting words of the chaplain, better known as Snow-Drift, spoken on Christmas Day. We were seated about tables laden with food, in the luxurious hotel dining-rooms of Bad-Neuenahr.

It was a great contrast from our last Christmas and other days in France. Then we were in wooden barracks, insufficiently heated, and we had the tremendous trifles of army life to contend with. A little later we began the struggle in which we had the elements to contend with as well as the Boche. At that time we did not know how long it would be until the victory would be ours, furthermore we did not know whether we would be alive when peace did come. But upon this Christmas Day, 1918, all of our aims were accomplished; we were re-

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ceiving the reward in comfort; and we were soon to return to God's country.

A menu typical of the Christmas dinners of the regiment follows:

Prime Roast Beef

(Positively not chevaux)

Victory Sauce Prussian Guard Dressing

Kaiser's Own Cold Slaw

Crown Prince Pickles

Hoosier Cobbler Rainbow Cakes

Bread, Butter and Jam

Coffee with Milk and Sugar

In the evening the Regimental Band which had developed into one of the best musical organizations in the army, gave a concert in the magnificent Kurhaus-theater. Throughout our stay in Bad-Neuenahr, this playhouse served as an entertainment place for us. Among the shows given here the production of the 2d Canadian Division and the Hoosier Follies were most popular. The latter show was given by the 150th Field Artillery Band and Bugle Corps, and was advertised as a whirlwind farce furor and a musical melee

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in two parts. The success of the show was due mainly to the artillerymen who impersonated Winter-Garden chorus girls.

The best view of Bad-Neuenahr can be obtained from the summit of a nearby hill upon which a watchtower has been constructed. The broad valley in which the town is situated extends to the southwest as far as the eye can see. Through it the Ahr river winds its tumultuous course.

Neuenahr, at our feet, is a town of hotels and villas, for it is one of the most famous watering places in Germany. Royalty, including the Crown Prince, as well as the elite rheumatics, of all nations had gathered here in pre-war days, seeking the benefits of the sulphur baths and mineral waters.

Tracing the Ahr down stream one can see that it empties into the Rhine near Sinzig, where the banks of the great river are low. Farther down stream the Rhine passes between great hills, and precipitous cliffs and palisades, crowned by the castles, for which the river is famous.

Among the hills facing the Rhine were the precautionary gun positions of the reg-

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iment. From these positions we were prepared to defend the territory, which we had occupied, in case of a possible German attack. From them we had the command of either bank of the Rhine, the range of our guns being over eleven kilometers.

The hills forming the south side of the Ahr valley are cultivated. The more rolling of them have been patterned into varied designs by the plow, while the rocky and steep hills are terraced into great stairways to accommodate immense vineyards. The huge hills north of the valley are covered with pine forests. Nature has its own way among them and the only humans who venture among the great hills, which rise and fall as waves on the ocean, are game hunters.

Days in Bad-Neuenahr were not spent in luxurious ease as the foregoing paragraphs might indicate. We followed a schedule similar to that of the so-called rest camps with which we had a slight acquaintance in France. From reveille, 6:30 A.M., to retreat, 4:15 P.M., our days were occupied with the care of our horses, materials, and the equipment as well as with the infantry

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drill. This was varied on certain days by inspections and regimental reviews.

Some time was also given for sports, and schedules were made out for football, baseball, basketball, handball and tug of war. The contests were of the elimination kind, every battery being represented by teams. However, the biggest sporting event held in Bad-Neuenahr was the wrestling and boxing tournaments between the 2d Canadian Division and the 42d American Division on the afternoon and night of January 20th. They had previously beaten us at soccer at Bonn and we made up our loss on this day by beating them in every fall in the wrestling matches and in winning four out of five prize fights.

The Canadians were fine fellows and excellent appearing soldiers. We liked them better than any other of the Allied soldiers, because they were also Americans and talked the English language so that we could understand it. Almost a fourth of the men of the Canadian Division were citizens of the United States, who had enlisted before our country got into the war.

The following day a certain number of

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men from our division were given passes to Bonn, where our team played the Canucks a game of baseball on the campus of the famous university there. The trip up the Rhine was memorable. It seemed to us that the majestic river justified its rep-



utation for beauty, sweeping through its great valley in graceful curves, with fine cities dotting its banks and bridges spanning it in many places.

Bonn is a typical university city, having fine buildings, statues and a progressive business district. The Canadians had

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parked their cannon in city parks and were occupying the best homes as billets. They were not so kind-hearted as the Americans respecting the Germans, for they still kept in mind the Canadian sergeant who was crucified by the Huns. The prisoners of war turned loose from the German prison camps, upon the signing of the armistice, also told their stories of inhuman treatment of prisoners in Germany. How they were starved, beaten by guards, and spit upon by civilians. The death rate, especially among the Russian prisoners, was terrible. They also kept in mind many instances of what the Belgian civilians had suffered during the German occupation. However, the only militant act, the result of which was evident when we visited Bonn, was the statue of Kaiser William I, the nose of which had been shot off, and the helmet spike of which had been supplanted by a Union Jack.

The electric car service was good between Bonn and Cologne and many Americans took advantage of this opportunity to see one of the finest cities in Germany, though it was out of bounds. The wonder-

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ful cathedral is the domineering architectural structure of the city, while the ancient rathaus, the great theater and the modern union station are also sources of pride to the inhabitants. The Hohenzollernbruck is one of the finest bridges along the Rhine. The surprising feature of the business district are the department stores, which are often artistic buildings, constructed along lines of museums, yet being modern in every respect.

Another Rhine city which American soldiers were permitted to visit was Coblenz, the American bridgehead. Men, who were given twenty-four hour passes, were taken to Coblenz in special trains composed of American box cars. The scenery up the historic valley, which was entered from the Ahr valley at Sinzig, is of surprising beauty. Upon the east bank were the castles upon their solitary eminences, jutting hundreds of feet above the river, cliffs, deep ravines, and terrace vineyards upon the less precipitous hills. The west bank from Andernach to Coblenz is the most level land in Rhineland, every inch of it being highly cultivated.



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Crossing the Mosel river we arrived in the main city held by the American Army of Occupation. At the junction of the Mosel and Rhine rivers stands the massive statue of William I. Across the river is the dominating fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, which was now occupied by American soldiers. The three bridges spanning the river here were of course the point of military value to the Allies and were also guarded by American soldiers. Farther up stream the Stolzenfels Castle, of the former Kaiser, stands. One of the finest of the ex-Kaiser's palaces is in Coblenz also, and at the time of our visit a wing of it was being used by the Yankees as a church. That day also happened to be Wilhelm's birthday, and as a party of soldiers were promenading along the Kaiser Wilhelm ring, they chanced to hear a German lady remark upon the difference that day from the year before, when the ring was ablaze with flags and decorations.

The American attitude towards the German civilians was neither of antagonism nor of friendship. In fact, aside from the necessary contact resulting from billeting

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in their homes, our only dealings with them were in a business way. The Germans certainly proved the right to the name of progressives in business, though America could not understand their ethics.

The Canadians were surprised to find upon their arrival in Bonn German-made regulation brass buttons for Canadian uniforms, and we were equally surprised at the appearance of the Rainbow Division cigar in our city. The greatest commodity of sale were iron crosses, jewelry with iron cross designs, and postcards. We could not understand how a German could deal in such proofs of his military defeat but we wanted them for souvenirs and did not care to question him. However much they tried to please us with their products we could not be convinced that anything they could offer was as good as a similar article made in America.

In fact, though our situation might have been considered fortunate in Bad-Neuenahr, nothing could satisfy us but home.

That the boys knew the science of economy and how to invest their wealth, is proven by a report in "The Stars and

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Stripes" of March 21st, by the Major: "Good grief!" gasped the visiting major. "What is this—Lew Dockstader's minstrels, or is there an epidemic raging among all the rich uncles back in the States?"

Before him paraded a detachment from the 42d Division, glittering with—could they be? Yes, they were—diamonds, and honest-to-Pete diamonds, judging from all appearances. At the head stalked the band of the 150th Field Artillery, shining even more resplendently with precious stones than did their comrades. Bejeweled privates stood on the sidelines, nonchalantly flicking the ash from their makin's with a finger which bore one or more gems.

One of them took it upon himself to explain:

"Well, sir, it's like this. These here marks that we get seem to be a fluctuating sort of commodity. One day 160 of them are worth 100 francs, next day it's 149 to 100, today it's 200. So the boys get sort of balled up in their count. They never knew whether they were millionaires or busted. You couldn't get into a game with them without bringing along an adding machine

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and beaucoup expert accountants, and then the game generally broke up in a fight.

"So they read somewhere that diamonds cost about the same everywhere and stayed about the same all the time. It was like getting off a pitching and tossing transport and feeling solid ground under your feet, if you know what I mean. So the crowd took to saving up their jack and when they got enough they invested it in diamonds.

"Look at that sparkler on the tromboner. That didn't cost a cent under \$100.

"We got a K.P. who's been saving his jack for three months and after pay day says he's going to get a diamond that the mess sargeant can use for a potato masher."

When questioned, the principal jeweler in the town said, in part: "Thunder weather! Thou dear Gott! Heaven and hell! The American common soldiers buy all my diamonds. Gott grant no corporals or sergeants come!"

The following order issued by Major-General Flagler on February 15, 1919, tells the record of service of our division:

"This is the 260th day the 42d Division has been in contact with the enemy since

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February 20, 1918, beginning last February in Lorraine, the 42d Division took over from the French the first sector ever held by an American division, and since then has been only taken out of the lines once, for the purpose of a rest. After spending a few days in the Bourmont area, and initiating a training program, the division was suddenly moved through Toul to take part in the St. Mihiel operation and since then has never been further from the front than close reserve, except to pass from one point to another.

"The 42d Division has spent more consecutive days in touch with the enemy and a greater total of time engaged with the enemy than any other division of the American Expeditionary Forces, and is proud of having faced and outfought the choicest units of the whole German Army."

The last review of the Rainbow Division, by General Pershing, occurred on Sunday, March 16, 1919, at Renagen, on the Rhine. Had any man prophesized a few months before that many of the German people would Hoch der General Pershing on that day he would have been called a fool, or a least a

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false prophet. But that's what happened as General Pershing while passing on his way was recognized by his flag and four stars as the man who put the cabosh on Kaiser Bill. Many Germans called out—Hoch der General Pershing. Many times we had heard, "Hurrah for General Pershing," or "Vive Le General Pershing," but never before "Hoch der General Pershing." I am glad to say that this had no effect on the American soldiers. He had too often heard that old "Kamrad" call to be stuck in the back when turned. We even heard that some American soldiers returning to the United States said that we had fought the wrong people; that we should have fought the French instead of the Germans. If that report was true, they must have been soldiers that had never been up against the real Hun. Germany was still looking for a soft peace, and under Old Bill's discipline, if you can't win by the sword or run away, try flattery. No, no, poor bleeding France, not only her more than a million and a half dead still mourned for, but other millions were still bleeding from their wounds. Some day France will cease to mourn, and

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restore her ravaged and shell-torn country, then we feel that France will always remember and appreciate General Pershing's call to Lafayette when he said, "Lafayette, we are here."

While reviewing the Rainbow Division, General Pershing gave us a close inspection, and it was a proud moment when he decorated more than fifty officers and men. At the head of the list was Corp. Sidney Manning of Brattan, Alabama, who received the congressional medal of honor for commanding his platoon after his lieutenant and top sergeant had been killed. With thirty men he captured the position on the heights of Ourcq and defended it with the eight men left, though wounded nine times he held it until reinforcements came. General Pershing said feelingly, "Corporal Manning, it is men of your caliber who have emblazoned the name of America around the world. In the name of the President and of the people of the United States, I congratulate you, and as your commander-in-chief, I thank you heartily for your inspiring example, and as man to man, Cor-

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poral Manning, I want to tell you that I envy you."

Col. Solen J. Carter on receiving his citation for the French Croix de Guerre, after reaching home, gave only a brief translation of his own citation, which he said spoke of him as an excellent officer. My citation in reality belongs to the battalion. I was fortunate enough to have command of the most wonderful set of men ever put together to form such a command.

Their understanding, discipline, energy and devotion nowhere could be excelled, and the fact that the decoration came to me is due solely to their wonderful work.

The general order finally came to pack up your old kit bag, cease worrying and start for home. The first contingent of the Rainbow Division entrained on April 5th, for the seventy-hours' trip to Brest, the embarkation port. The last will reach Brest by the 10th, soon to embark for home.

We read in the Indianapolis Star of April 7th:

"Everybody will be on Welcome Day Program to honor heroes."

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Features of Welcome-Home Day:
State-wide holiday;
Fleet of airplanes;
Singing of Indiana songs;
College yells by superyellers;
Parade north to Sixteenth street;
Troops in heavy marching order;
400 bands (no more than that, or the
committee would have mentioned it);

Coffee and doughnuts by Salvation Army
lasses (applause from the grandstand).

You will see in the line of march, therefore, Base Hospital 32, bands from colleges, academies and high schools whence many of the troops were enlisted, 4,000 to 5,000 returned soldiers, sailors and marines who have already been disbanded, and last but not least, the 150th Field Artillery, headed by Col. "Bob" Tyndall and its own band, playing, maybe, "My Indiana Home."

It is earnestly hoped that the regiment may be able to march with its equipment of helmets, arms and other portion of its outfit, just as it did when it went forward to shatter the imperial legions of Germany at Chateau Thierry and in the forest of Argonne.

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The idea is that if you feel like hollering your head off on Welcome Home Day, for heavens sake make a noise and don't act as if you were tongue-tied.

Mayor Jewett will proclaim the day a holiday and Governor Goodrich will issue whatever proclamation is appropriate to the occasion.

There will be a noble arch of welcome on Meridian street, just at the south entrance of the Circle and a court of honor between the Circle and Washington Street, and across this arch a silken rope to keep all traffic out until the troops come along, and then when they get near the arch, some wounded soldiers or soldier with a cross of war on his chest will step out from the ranks or from the sidelines and cut that silk rope and let the column through.

Then there will be a fleet of moving picture machines to take the marchers, and the crowds and the arrival and departure of the troops. A set of these films will be deposited in the archives of the state where they will be available for future generations to view the great day long after the

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school children of today are molding in their graves.

April 13th, President Poincare and Premier Clemenceau brought a special message from the people of France to the Forty-second Division at Brest. They said that the Government would not permit the Rainbow Division to leave France without an expression from the French people of appreciation and affection. That day made a never-forgetable picture to the American soldiers as they stood in line receiving the last graceful compliments of France, while thousands of French civilians looked on cheering.

Before the farewells were said we were marched down the shaded avenue. Colonel Reilley's One Hundred and Forty-ninth Field Artillery Band played our national anthem and the French soldiers and officers were at the salute. The civilians stood reverently with bared heads.

General Reed, commanding the division, first received an address from M. Clemenceau, in which the premier recalled the achievements of the Rainbow at St. Mihiel, in the Argonne and on other fronts. Ad-

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miral Moreau then, with fine feeling, announced to General Reed that at the bidding of the French government the division commander was made a commander of the Legion of Honor.

Many deserved decorations were conferred that day. While it was a happy hour to our soldiers with visions of home and friends and loved ones, yet there were moments of sad reflections when the division's casualties of 439 officers and 13,485 men marched down the misty lane of memory. Pershing said, "Lafayette, we are here." Yes, many are still there, sleeping in the shell-torn battlefields of France, but living monuments to America's achievements. Such is war.

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150th F. A. sailed on April 18th on the Great Leviathan with more than 10,000 soldiers aboard crossing the Atlantic in six days without accident though narrowly escaping striking a floating mine off the Grand Bank of Newfoundland passing within thirty feet of it, the officers reported.

We were given a great reception by the Welcome Home Committee citizens from Indiana headed by Governor Goodrich and Mayor Jewett of Indianapolis, meeting us fifteen miles out; quite a contrast to our departure eighteen months previous, when we stole away in the middle of the night on our great adventure to France. Only the occasional straggler asked who and where going, and the only civilian permitted to know (the Indianapolis Star correspondent) wanted to, but was not allowed to answer, "Americans, the greatest soldiers on earth, on the way to win the great World War."

April the 25th we reached the Hoboken dock and disembarked and entrained for Camp Merritt, New Jersey. After the usual

CONCLUSION

quarantine and disinfectant, we were entertained by the Welcome Home Committee in New York for a few days, entraining again for the last lap for dear old Indiana and Indianapolis. Such a welcome was never given any body of men as was given the soldiers of Indiana on Welcome Home Day. Such a greeting by the many, many thousands while on parade made the soldiers feel that the great sacrifices made were not in vain. It was a happy hour in army life when we were mustered out at Camp Taylor.

Now that the tumult and shouting of our splendid reception has died away, we look back upon our service in America's army of freedom with a broader vision.

We see ourselves among the pioneers of Pershing's crusaders, progressing through the greatest conflict of all ages to the accomplishment of victory for the nation and the realization of ideals throughout the world. Despite statements to the contrary, our country never gained a more complete victory in its history. Though we had won every war in which we had participated, there had been some single battles lost; but

RAINBOW HOOSIER

in this war we won every battle completely.

We are proud of the great 42d Division (Rainbow); proud of our regiment, which was the only Hoosier unit fortunate enough to reach the front, though our state stood in the front rank in enlistments; and we are proud of the name volunteers. The war had reached a crisis when, at Chateau Thierry, the American volunteers turned the tide. We had taken up arms at the first call and in so doing received many of the knocks caused by immature organizations at the front and behind the lines. But we are not sorry now that we had these hardships to endure, for they make peace the greater blessing and victory the more sweet.

THE END

“The Doughboy”

By Burr McIntosh

Doughboy, of mine,
You've done your duty well,
And peace is thine.
You've crossed that living hell,
On life's great battlefield you stand
Upon the threshold with your grand
Record made there, in tear-stained France.
You sought it, and you had your chance.
Your name is writ upon the sky,
Each valorous deed is known on high.
Your comrades all. Yes, they were great.
Machine guns spat their fire of hate
Against those murderers, who charged
Babes, innocent and so, enlarged
The list of crimes of killing done
By that accursed—the HUN.
ARTILLERY—each wondrous deed
Stands out. The world has learned of speed;
So fast they sped each deadly shell
There was no time twixt them and Hell.
The SIGNAL CORPS—“Lest we forget,”
Had every station not been set,
Had wires not gone through “Danger's Zone”
What happened never would be known.
And in those dark and troublous hours,
In midst of snow, or sleet, or showers,
You've seen those TRUCKS, plow through the mud
On board was food, the trusty “Spud,”
And all things else that did sustain,
As well as all to ease the pain;

RAINBOW HOOSIER

Or, ammunition that would kill.
They all went forward, on, until
Their bit was done unto the end.
The CHAPLAIN often had to bend
His head and bow with heavy heart.
Ah! Yes! full well he played his part.
DOCTORS and NURSES, you will bless;
At times 'twas great, at times 'twas less.
The agonies known but to those
Who suffered, who went through the throes
Of pain which the wounded's life blood pours.
The M. P. guards you while you sleep,
The K. P. helps the COOK to keep
You strong and well, so you are there
When duty's call will lead you where
You give your best, what 'ere the call.
Yes, ev'ry one gave that—his all.
Each played his part and played it well,
But, in the years to come, they'll tell
Of you, the DOUGHBOY, who was there
In answer to the bugle's blare.
At Luneville you showed your worth,
In Baccarat they bit the earth.
Champagne, Chateau Thierry, the world
Knows how your colors were unfurled,
Of how you stopped that fierce machine
The world proclaims it n'er has seen
More reckless daring in a strife—
You care for victory, not life.
At St. Mihiel and then Verdun
Again the fight by you was won.

"THE DOUGHBOY"

Then Argonne Forest and Sedan;
It was the end. So fast they ran
They set all records there for speed,
So fast they ran there was no need
To follow. They are running yet,
And only stopped when they were set
Upon their soil—beyond the Rhine.
We know they're there; we hear their whine
From highest to the lowest Red,
They seek our friendship and our bread.
We'll not forget, we'll not forgive,
At least while one of us shall live.
So here's to you who've shed your blood,
Who've found your rest on beds of mud;
Who've hiked along the road,
And packed your heavy, crushing load.
DOUGHBOY, of the FORTY-SECOND,
Death, to you, has often beckoned.
You have faced it, grimly smiling,
Tho' the dead out there were piling
Up about you. Your friend, your foe,
You came from O-Hi-O.
IOWA sent forth her giants;
Fighting NEW YORK yelled defiance,
And the "Wildcats" came from ALABAM',
None of the four, e'er gave a damn
For shrapnel, bayonet, or gas,
Tho' thousands came in mighty mass.
You stopped them all and turned them back
Until you won the DECISION
For the GREAT RAINBOW DIVISION.

KILLED IN ACTION.

Rank	Name	Address	Battery	Date	Place
vt., 1st Cl.,	Paul F. Cross	Shelbyville, Ind.	E	June 5, 1918	Near Pexonne.
vt., 1st Cl.,	Bernard Hurst	Oldenburg, Ind.	E	June 5, 1918	Near Pexonne.
gt., Otis E.	Brown	Indianapolis, Ind.	B	July 15, 1918	Near Fort St. Hilaire.
vt., 1st Cl.,	James H. O'Connor	Lafayette, Ind.	C	July 16, 1918	Near Suippes.
vt., 1st Cl.,	Oreal Dean	Indianapolis, Ind.	A	July 28, 1918	Near Beauvarden.
vt., Marko	Vokodick	San Francisco, Cal.	E	July 28, 1918	Near Beauvarden.
vt., 1st Cl.,	Toney E. Kashon	Rosedale, Ind.	F	July 28, 1918	Near Beauvarden.
gt., Burton	Wooley	Bloomington, Ind.	F	July 28, 1918	Near Beauvarden.
vt., William	R. Rosa	Lafayette, Ind.	C	Aug. 10, 1918	Near Dole.
vt., 1st Cl.,	Albert Brentzenhope	Ft. Wayne, Ind.	D	Sept. 22, 1918	Near LaMarche.
vt., Robert	W. Jack	Van Buren, Ark.	D	Sept. 20, 1918	Near Bois-de-Nonsard.
vt., Frank	Bradley	Scranton, Ark.	B	Sept. 8, 1918	Near Septsarden.
vt., Horace	R. Johnson	Jewett, Texas	A	Oct. 8, 1918	Near Montfaucou.
vt., 1st Cl.,	Arthur D. Long	New Haven, Ind.	B	Oct. 8, 1918	Near Montfaucou.
vt., John	C. Peterson	Warsaw, Ind.	Hdq. Co.	Oct. 8, 1918	Near Montfaucou.
orp., James	Eby	Ft. Wayne, Ind.	D	Oct. 28, 1918	Near Fleville.
vt., Harry	Mutch	Muncie, Ind.	E	Nov. 8, 1918	Near Bulson.
vt., Charles	Garrison	Rushville, Ind.	E	July 25, 1918	Hospital.
ugler, Earl	R. Barcus	Indianapolis, Ind.	A	July 25, 1918	Hospital.
vt., 1st Cl.,	Clarence Wohlfeld	Frankfort, Ind.	Hdq. Co.	July 25, 1918	Hospital.

DIED OF WOUNDS RECEIVED IN ACTION.

Rank	Name	Address	Battery	Died	Wounded
Pvt., Grover King	-----	Terre Haute, Ind.	C	July 30, 1918	Near Dole, July 28.
Pvt., 1st Cl., John W. Frank	-----	Lafayette, Ind.	C	Aug. 6, 1918	Near Dole, Aug. 6.
Pvt., Leebv Kern	-----	Donora, Penn.	E	July 31, 1918	Near Dole, July 28.
Pvt., 1st Cl., Fred G. Phillips	-----	Lafayette, Ind.	C	Sept. 18, 1918	Near Beney, Sept. 15.
First Lieut., Eriston L. Hargett	-----	Frederick, Md.	B	Sept. 13, 1918	Near Bois-de-Nonsard, Sept. 30.
Sgt., Daniel R. Slentz	-----	Ft. Wayne, Ind.	B	Oct. 8, 1918	Near Montfaucon, Oct. 8.
Pvt., 1st Cl., Raymond Farley	-----	Shelbyville, Ind.	E	Aug. 11, 1918	Near Dole, July 31.
Pvt., Herbert A. Foxlow	-----	Indianapolis, Ind.	E	Oct. 29, 1918	Near Fleville, Oct. 28.
Pvt., Herbert Baldwin	-----	Ozark, Ark.	D	Sept. 25, 1918	Near LaMarche, Sept. 22.
Corp., Frank J. Whitfield	-----	Niles, Mich.	B	Aug. 3, 1918	Near Dole, Aug. 1.

ACCIDENTALLY KILLED.

Rank	Name	Address	Battery	Killed	Place
Sgt., Kent S. Ritchie	-----	Indianapolis, Ind.	D	Feb. 10, 1918	Camp-de-Coctquidan.
Pvt., Paul E. Burns	-----	Indianapolis, Ind.	E	July 24, 1918	Enroute on train from Lizy.
Pvt., 1st Cl., Anthony Wilkins	-----	Lafayette, Ind.	C	July 23, 1918	Enroute on train from Lizy.

CASUALTIES OF 150TH F. A.

	Fatalities				Died of Wounds Received in Action	Wounded		Total
	Died of Disease	Acci- dentally Killed	Killed in Action	Gassed		Slight	Severe	
Champ-de-Cocquidan	7	1	--	--	--	--	--	8
Baccarat	--	--	2	--	83	8	2	95
Champagne	--	--	2	--	11	5	5	23
Chateau Thierry	1	--	6	5	13	25	12	62
t. Mihiel	1	--	2	3	--	3	1	10
Verdun-Argonne	2	--	6	2	20	48	9	87
Army of Occupation	2	--	--	--	--	--	--	2
Miscellaneous	--	2	2	--	--	--	--	4
Totals	13	3	20	10	127	89	29	291
Total deaths to Feb. 1, 1919					46			
Total gassed and wounded					245			

NOTE—Two men killed enroute classified as miscellaneous; two men killed in action in hospital under miscellaneous. Statistics compiled by First Lieut. Joseph T. O'Neal.

LIST OF TOWNS, CAMPS AND FORESTS IN OR NEAR WHICH THE 150TH FIELD ARTILLERY
HAD BILLETS OR GUN POSITIONS ON FOREIGN SOIL, COMPILED FROM DATA
FURNISHED BY FIRST LIEUT. JOSEPH T. O'NEAL.

Under heading, OUTFIT, P C designates the Regimental Post of Command; H Headquarters Company; numbers 1, 2 and 3 Battalions; and letters from A to F, inclusive, Batteries. In second column, B designates Billet, and P, Gun Position.

Location	Date	Outfit
St. Nazaire, France -----	1917—October 31 to November 17-----	Regiment
St. Nazaire, France -----	1917—November 17 to November 18-----	Regiment
Camp-de-Coctquidan -----	1917—November 18, to February 21, 1918-----	Regiment
Camp-de-Coctquidan -----	1918—February 21 to February 23-----	Regiment
Dombasle -----	1918—February 23 to February 26-----	P C
Mouarmont -----	1918—February 23 to February 26-----	1
Mouarmont -----	1918—February 23 to February 26-----	A
Doncieres -----	1918—February 23 to February 26-----	B
Remenoville -----	1918—February 23 to February 26-----	2
Remenoville -----	1918—February 23 to February 26-----	C
Remenoville -----	1918—February 23 to February 26-----	D
Borville -----	1918—February 23 to February 26-----	3
Borville -----	1918—February 23 to February 26-----	E
Borville -----	1918—February 23 to February 26-----	F
Reherrey -----	1918—February 26 to March 22-----	1
Reherrey -----	1918—February 26 to March 22-----	A
Reherrey -----	1918—February 26 to March 22-----	B
Valhey -----	1918—February 26 to March 22-----	2

Location		Date	Outfit
Brouville	P	1918—February 26 to March 22	C
Valley	P	1918—February 26 to March 22	D
Vacqueville	P	1918—February 26 to March 22	3
Vacqueville	P	1918—February 26 to March 22	E
Vacqueville	P	1918—February 26 to March 22	F
Fontenoy-la-Joute	B	1918—March 22 to March 29	P C
Fontenoy-la-Joute	B	1918—March 22 to March 29	H
Fontenoy-la-Joute	B	1918—March 22 to March 29	1
Fontenoy-la-Joute	B	1918—March 22 to March 29	A
Fontenoy-la-Joute	B	1918—March 22 to March 29	B
Fontenoy-la-Joute	B	1918—March 22 to March 29	2
Glenville	B	1918—March 22 to March 29	C
Gloncer	B	1918—March 22 to March 29	D
Neufmaison	B	1918—March 22 to March 29	3
Domptail	B	1918—March 22 to March 29	E
Domptail	B	1918—March 22 to March 29	F
Baccarat	P	1918—March 22 to March 29	P C
Baccarat	P	1918—March 29 to June 20	H
Reherrey	P	1918—March 29 to June 20	1
Reherrey	P	1918—March 29 to June 20	A
Reherrey	P	1918—March 29 to June 20	B
Bertrichamps	P	1918—March 29 to June 20	2
Bertrichamps	P	1918—March 29 to June 20	C
Bertrichamps	P	1918—March 29 to June 20	D
Vacqueville	P	1918—March 29 to June 20	3
Vacqueville	P	1918—March 29 to June 20	E
Vacqueville	P	1918—March 29 to June 20	F

Ker Avor	-----	1918--March 30 to April 13--	2
Rabeytop	-----	1918--March 30 to April 13--	C
Rabeytop	-----	1918--March 30 to April 13--	D
Luneville	-----	1918--April 13 to April 17--	2
Luneville	-----	1918--April 13 to April 25--	C
Luneville	-----	1918--April 14 to April 25--	D
Bertrichamps	-----	1918--April 26 to April 27--	2
Bertrichamps	-----	1918--April 26 to April 27--	C
Neufmaison	-----	1918--April 26 to April 27--	D
Vacqueville	-----	1918--April 27 to May 3--	2
Vacqueville	-----	1918--April 27 to May 3--	C
Vacqueville	-----	1918--April 27 to May 3--	D
Ker Avor	-----	1918--May 3 to June 18--	2
Ker Avor	-----	1918--May 3 to June 18--	C
Ker Avor	-----	1918--May 3 to June 18--	D
Glonville	-----	1918--June 18 to June 19--	2
Glonville	-----	1918--June 18 to June 19--	C
Glonville	-----	1918--June 18 to June 19--	D
Hallainville	-----	1918--June 21 to June 22--	PC
Hallainville	-----	1918--June 21 to June 22--	H
Hallainville	-----	1918--June 20 to June 22--	1
Hallainville	-----	1918--June 21 to June 22--	A
Hallainville	-----	1918--June 19 to June 22--	B
Hallainville	-----	1918--June 19 to June 22--	3
Hallainville	-----	1918--June 19 to June 22--	E
Hallainville	-----	1918--June 19 to June 22--	F
Hallainville	-----	1918--June 19 to June 22--	2
Damas-aux-Bois (Vosges)	-----	1918--June 20 to June 23--	

Location		Date	Outfit
Damas-aux-Bois (Vosges)	B	1918—June 19 to June 23	C
Damas-aux-Bois (Vosges)	B	1918—June 20 to June 23	D
Charmes	Entrain	1918—June 22 to June 23	Regiment
Dampierre (Marne)	B	1918—June 24 to June 27	Regiment
Somme Vesle (Marne)	B	1918—June 28 to July 4	Regiment
Ribespray (Marne)	P	1918—July 5 to July 19	P C
Suippes (Marne)	P	1918—July 5 to July 19	H
Fromont (Marne)	P	1918—July 5 to July 19	1
Camp de Chalons	P	1918—July 5 to July 19	A
St. Hilaire-le-Grande	P	1918—July 4 to July 19	B
Suippes (Marne)	P	1918—July 5 to July 19	2
Suippes (Marne)	P	1918—July 5 to July 19	C
Suippes (Marne)	P	1918—July 5 to July 19	D
Suippes (Marne)	P	1918—July 5 to July 19	3
Suippes (Marne)	P	1918—July 5 to July 19	E
Suippes (Marne)	P	1918—July 5 to July 19	F
Camp de la Carriere	B	1918—July 19 to July 21	P C
Cuperly (Marne)	B	1918—July 19 to July 21	H
St. Etienne au Temps	B	1918—July 20 to July 21	1
Camp de la Carriere	B	1918—July 20 to July 21	A
Camp de la Carriere	B	1918—July 20 to July 21	B
St. Etienne au Temps	B	1918—July 20 to July 21	2
St. Etienne au Temps	B	1918—July 20 to July 21	C
St. Etienne au Temps	B	1918—July 20 to July 21	D
Chalons (sur Marne)	B	1918—July 20 to July 21	3
Chalons (sur Marne)	B	1918—July 20 to July 21	E
Chalons (sur Marne)	B	1918—July 20 to July 21	F

Dhuisy (Seine)	B	1918	July 22	to July 25	Regiment
Verdilly (Aisne)	P	1918	July 25	to July 26	P C
Verdilly (Aisne)	P	1918	July 25	to July 26	H
Epièds	P	1918	July 25	to July 26	1
Epièds	P	1918	July 25	to July 26	A
Epièds	P	1918	July 25	to July 26	B
Trugny	P	1918	July 26	to July 27	2
Beuvardes	P	1918	July 26	to July 27	C
Pois de la Plessier	P	1918	July 26	to July 27	D
Verdilly	P	1918	July 25	to July 26	3
Truény	P	1918	July 25	to July 26	E
Verdilly	P	1918	July 25	to July 26	F
Courpoil (Aisne)	P	1918	July 25	to July 26	1
Courpoil (Aisne)	P	1918	July 26	to July 27	A
Courpoil (Aisne)	P	1918	July 26	to July 27	B
Beuvardes	P	1918	July 26	to July 27	P C
Beuvardes	P	1918	July 28	to August 3	H
Beuvardes	P	1918	July 28	to August 3	1
Beuvardes	P	1918	July 28	to August 3	A
Beuvardes	P	1918	July 28	to August 3	B
Forêt de Fère	P	1918	July 28	to August 3	2
Forêt de Fère	P	1918	July 28	to August 3	C
Forêt de Fère	P	1918	July 28	to August 3	D
Beuvardes	P	1918	July 28	to August 3	3
Beuvardes	P	1918	July 28	to August 3	E
Beuvardes	P	1918	July 28	to August 3	F
Villers sur Fère (Aisne)	P	1918	August 1 to August 2		1

Location		Date	Outfit
Villers sur Fere (Aisne)	P	1918--August 1 to August 2	A
Villers sur Fere (Aisne)	P	1918--August 1 to August 2	B
Meurcy Farm	P	1918--August 1 to August 2	2
Meurcy Farm	P	1918--August 1 to August 2	C
Meurcy Farm	P	1918--August 1 to August 2	D
Fere en Tardenois	P	1918--August 1 to August 2	3
Nesles	P	1918--August 1 to August 2	E
Nesles	P	1918--August 1 to August 2	F
Chery Chartreuve (Aisne)	P	1918--August 3 to August 10	P C
Chery Chartreuve (Aisne)	P	1918--August 4 to August 10	1
Chery Chartreuve (Aisne)	P	1918--August 4 to August 10	A
Chery Chartreuve (Aisne)	P	1918--August 4 to August 10	B
Doles	P	1918--August 4 to August 10	2
Doles	P	1918--August 4 to August 10	C
Doles	P	1918--August 4 to August 10	D
Doles	P	1918--August 3 to August 7	3
Doles	P	1918--August 3 to August 7	E
Doles	P	1918--August 3 to August 7	F
Forêt de Fere (Aisne)	P	1918--August 3 to August 5	H
Chery Chartreuve (Aisne)	P	1918--August 7 to August 10	2
Chery Chartreuve (Aisne)	P	1918--August 7 to August 10	C
Chery Chartreuve (Aisne)	P	1918--August 7 to August 10	D
Chery Chartreuve (Aisne)	P	1918--August 7 to August 10	3
Chery Chartreuve (Aisne)	P	1918--August 7 to August 10	E
Chery Chartreuve (Aisne)	P	1918--August 7 to August 10	F
Epièds (Aisne)	B	1918--August 11 to August 14	Regiment
Vaux (Aisne)	B	1918--August 14 to August 15	Regiment

Montreuil-aux-Lyons (Seine) ---	B	1918—August 15 to August 18	P C
Montreuil-aux-Lyons (Seine) ---	B	1918—August 15 to August 18	H
Dhuisy ---	B	1918—August 15 to August 16	1
Dhuisy ---	B	1918—August 15 to August 16	A
Dhuisy ---	B	1918—August 15 to August 16	B
Montreuil-aux-Lyons (Seine) ---	B	1918—August 15 to August 16	2
Montreuil-aux-Lyons (Seine) ---	B	1918—August 15 to August 16	C
Montreuil-aux-Lyons (Seine) ---	B	1918—August 15 to August 16	D
Montreuil-aux-Lyons (Seine) ---	B	1918—August 15 to August 16	3
Montreuil-aux-Lyons (Seine) ---	B	1918—August 15 to August 16	E
Montreuil-aux-Lyons (Seine) ---	B	1918—August 15 to August 16	F
Lizy-sur-Ourcq ---	Entrain	1918—August 16 to August 18	Regiment
Meuivy (Haute Marne) ---	B	1918—August 18 to August 28	P C
Meuivy (Haute Marne) ---	B	1918—August 18 to August 28	H
Meuivy (Haute Marne) ---	B	1918—August 18 to August 28	1
Meuivy (Haute Marne) ---	B	1918—August 18 to August 28	A
Bassoncourt (Haute Marne) ---	B	1918—August 18 to August 28	B
Choisel (Haute Marne) ---	B	1918—August 18 to August 28	2
Choisel (Haute Marne) ---	B	1918—August 18 to August 28	C
Choisel (Haute Marne) ---	B	1918—August 18 to August 28	D
Provencheres (Haute Marne) ---	B	1918—August 18 to August 28	3
Raugecourt (Haute Marne) ---	B	1918—August 18 to August 28	E
Provencheres (Haute Marne) ---	B	1918—August 18 to August 28	F
Robecourt (Haute Marne) ---	B	1918—August 28 to August 29	1
Robecourt (Haute Marne) ---	B	1918—August 28 to August 29	A
Robecourt (Haute Marne) ---	B	1918—August 28 to August 29	B
Blevaincourt (Haute Marne) ---	B	1918—August 28 to August 29	2

Location	Date	Outfit
Blevaincourt (Haute Marne) ---	1918—August 28 to August 29-----	C
Blevaincourt (Haute Marne) ---	1918—August 28 to August 29-----	D
Germanviller ---	1918—August 28 to August 29-----	3
Germanviller ---	1918—August 28 to August 29-----	E
Germanviller ---	1918—August 28 to August 29-----	F
Bulgneville ---	1918—August 29 to August 30-----	Regiment
Landaville ---	1918—August 30 to September 5-----	Regiment
Noufchateau ---	1918—September 6 to September 7-----	Regiment
Forêt de Reine ---	1918—September 7 to September 14-----	P C
Mandres ---	1918—September 7 to September 14-----	1
Mandres ---	1918—September 7 to September 14-----	A
Mandres ---	1918—September 7 to September 14-----	B
Sanzey ---	1918—September 7 to September 14-----	2
Sanzey ---	1918—September 7 to September 14-----	C
Sanzey ---	1918—September 7 to September 14-----	D
Forêt de Reine ---	1918—September 7 to September 14-----	3
Forêt de Reine ---	1918—September 7 to September 14-----	E
Forêt de Reine ---	1918—September 7 to September 14-----	F
Essey ---	1918—September 7 to September 14-----	P C
Beney ---	1918—September 14 to September 22-----	1
Beney ---	1918—September 14 to September 24-----	A
Beney ---	1918—September 14 to September 24-----	B
Beney ---	1918—September 14 to September 24-----	2
Beney ---	1918—September 14 to September 24-----	C
Beney ---	1918—September 14 to September 24-----	D
Pannes ---	1918—September 14 to September 24-----	3
Pannes ---	1918—September 14 to September 24-----	E

Pannes	P	1918—September 14 to September 24	F
Bois de Vigneulles	P	1918—September 24 to September 30	1
Bois de Vigneulles	P	1918—September 24 to September 30	A
Bois de Vigneulles	P	1918—September 24 to September 30	B
Nonsard	P	1918—September 24 to September 30	3
Nonsard	P	1918—September 24 to September 30	E
Nonsard	P	1918—September 24 to September 30	F
Nonsard	B	1918—September 30 to October 1	Regiment
Troyon (Meuse)	B	1918—October 1 to October 2	Regiment
Ramblusim (Meuse)	B	1918—October 2 to October 4	Regiment
Brocourt (Meuse)	B	1918—October 4 to October 6	Regiment
Montfaucou	P	1918—October 6 to October 10	P C
Montfaucou	P	1918—October 6 to October 10	1
Montfaucou	P	1918—October 6 to October 10	A
Montfaucou	P	1918—October 6 to October 10	B
Montfaucou	P	1918—October 6 to October 10	2
Montfaucou	P	1918—October 6 to October 10	C
Montfaucou	P	1918—October 6 to October 10	D
Avocourt	P	1918—October 6 to October 10	3
Avocourt	P	1918—October 6 to October 10	E
Avocourt	P	1918—October 6 to October 10	F
Cierges	B	1918—October 10 to October 12	Regiment
Baulny (Ardennes)	P	1918—October 12 to October 26	P C
Baulny (Ardennes)	P	1918—October 12 to October 26	H
Exermont	P	1918—October 12 to October 26	1
Exermont	P	1918—October 12 to October 26	A
Exermont	P	1918—October 12 to October 26	B

Location		Date	Outfit
Exermont	P	1918—October 12 to October 26	2
Exermont	P	1918—October 12 to October 26	C
Exermont	P	1918—October 12 to October 26	D
Exermont	P	1918—October 12 to October 26	3
Exermont	P	1918—October 12 to October 26	E
Exermont	P	1918—October 12 to October 26	F
Sommerance	P	1918—October 26 to November 3	1
Sommerance	P	1918—October 26 to November 3	A
Sommerance	P	1918—October 26 to November 3	B
Fleville	P	1918—October 26 to November 3	2
Fleville	P	1918—October 26 to November 3	C
Fleville	P	1918—October 26 to November 3	D
Fleville	P	1918—October 26 to November 3	3
Fleville	P	1918—October 26 to November 3	E
Fleville	P	1918—October 26 to November 3	F
Bar-les-Buzancy	B	1918—November 3 to November 10	1
Bar-les-Buzancy	B	1918—November 3 to November 10	A
Bar-les-Buzancy	B	1918—November 3 to November 10	B
Bar-les-Buzancy	B	1918—November 3 to November 10	2
Bar-les-Buzancy	B	1918—November 3 to November 10	C
Bar-les-Buzancy	B	1918—November 3 to November 10	D
Buzancy	P	1918—November 5 to November 6	P C
St. Pierremont (Ardennes)	P	1918—November 5 to November 6	3
St. Pierremont (Ardennes)	P	1918—November 5 to November 6	E
St. Pierremont (Ardennes)	P	1918—November 5 to November 6	F
Autruche	P	1918—November 6 to November 10	P C
Le Grande Arnoise	P	1918—November 6 to November 8	3

Le Grande Arnoise	P	1918—November 6 to November 8	E
Le Grande Arnoise	P	1918—November 6 to November 8	F
Theloune	P	1918—November 8 to November 10	3
Theloune	P	1918—November 8 to November 10	E
Theloune	P	1918—November 8 to November 10	F
Bulsin	P	1918—November 8 to November 10	F
Harriecourt	B	1918—November 10 to November 14	Regiment
Imecourt	B	1918—November 14 to November 15	Regiment
Aincerville (Meuse)	B	1918—November 15 to November 16	Regiment
Breheville (Meuse)	B	1918—November 16 to November 19	Regiment
Montmedy (Meuse)	B	1918—November 19 to November 21	Regiment
Gomery, Belgium	B	1918—November 21 to November 22	Regiment
Guirsch, Belgium	B	1918—November 22 to November 23	Regiment
Saenl, Luxembourg	B	1918—November 23 to December 1	Regiment
Blaschied, Luxembourg	B	1918—December 1 to December 2	P C
Blaschied, Luxembourg	B	1918—December 1 to December 2	H
Blaschied, Luxembourg	B	1918—December 1 to December 2	1
Blaschied, Luxembourg	B	1918—December 1 to December 2	A
Blaschied, Luxembourg	B	1918—December 1 to December 2	B
Eisenbach, Luxembourg	B	1918—December 1 to December 2	2
Eisenbach, Luxembourg	B	1918—December 1 to December 2	C
Eisenbach, Luxembourg	B	1918—December 1 to December 2	D
Imbringen, Luxembourg	B	1918—December 1 to December 2	3
Imbringen, Luxembourg	B	1918—December 1 to December 2	E
Imbringen, Luxembourg	B	1918—December 1 to December 2	F
Rosport, Luxembourg	B	1918—December 2 to December 3	P C
Rosport, Luxembourg	B	1918—December 2 to December 3	H

Location		Date	Outfit
Rosport, Luxemburg	B	1918—December 2 to December 3	1
Rosport, Luxemburg	B	1918—December 2 to December 3	A
Rosport, Luxemburg	B	1918—December 2 to December 3	B
Rosport, Luxemburg	B	1918—December 2 to December 3	2
Rosport, Luxemburg	B	1918—December 2 to December 3	C
Rosport, Luxemburg	B	1918—December 2 to December 3	D
Steinheim, Luxemburg	B	1918—December 2 to December 3	3
Steinheim, Luxemburg	B	1918—December 2 to December 3	E
Steinheim, Luxemburg	B	1918—December 2 to December 3	F
Neiderweis, Germany	B	1918—December 3 to December 4	P C
Kaschenbach, Germany	B	1918—December 3 to December 4	1
Kaschenbach, Germany	B	1918—December 3 to December 4	A
Kaschenbach, Germany	B	1918—December 3 to December 4	B
Kaschenbach, Germany	B	1918—December 3 to December 4	2
Neiderweis, Germany	B	1918—December 3 to December 4	C
Neiderweis, Germany	B	1918—December 3 to December 4	D
Neiderweis, Germany	B	1918—December 3 to December 4	3
Neiderweis, Germany	B	1918—December 3 to December 4	E
Neiderweis, Germany	B	1918—December 3 to December 4	F
Masholder, Germany	B	1918—December 4 to December 5	P C
Masholder, Germany	B	1918—December 4 to December 5	H
Messerich, Germany	B	1918—December 4 to December 5	1
Messerich, Germany	B	1918—December 4 to December 5	A
Messerich, Germany	B	1918—December 4 to December 5	B
Birtlengen, Germany	B	1918—December 4 to December 5	2
Birtlengen, Germany	B	1918—December 4 to December 5	C
Birtlengen, Germany	B	1918—December 4 to December 5	D

Masholder, Germany	----	1918—December	4 to	December	5_-----	3
Masholder, Germany	----	1918—December	4 to	December	5_-----	E
Masholder, Germany	----	1918—December	4 to	December	5_-----	F
Seffern, Germany	----	1918—December	5 to	December	6_-----	P C
Seffern, Germany	----	1918—December	5 to	December	6_-----	1
Seffern, Germany	----	1918—December	5 to	December	6_-----	A
Seffern, Germany	----	1918—December	5 to	December	6_-----	B
Sefferweich, Germany	----	1918—December	5 to	December	6_-----	2
Sefferweich, Germany	----	1918—December	5 to	December	6_-----	C
Sefferweich, Germany	----	1918—December	5 to	December	6_-----	D
Seffern, Germany	----	1918—December	5 to	December	6_-----	3
Seffern, Germany	----	1918—December	5 to	December	6_-----	E
Seffern, Germany	----	1918—December	5 to	December	6_-----	F
Murlenbach, Germany	----	1918—December	6 to	December	7_-----	Regiment
Gerolstein, Germany	----	1918—December	7 to	December	8_-----	Regiment
Kerpen, Germany	----	1918—December	8 to	December	14_-----	P C
Kerpen, Germany	----	1918—December	8 to	December	14_-----	1
Kerpen, Germany	----	1918—December	8 to	December	14_-----	A
Kerpen, Germany	----	1918—December	8 to	December	14_-----	B
Berndorf, Germany	----	1918—December	8 to	December	14_-----	2
Berndorf, Germany	----	1918—December	8 to	December	14_-----	C
Berndorf, Germany	----	1918—December	8 to	December	14_-----	D
Neider Ehe, Germany	----	1918—December	8 to	December	14_-----	?
Neider Ehe, Germany	----	1918—December	8 to	December	14_-----	E
Neider Ehe, Germany	----	1918—December	8 to	December	14_-----	F
Berndorf, Germany	----	1918—December	8 to	December	14_-----	H
Ahrdorf, Germany	----	1918—December	14 to	December	15_-----	P C

Location		Date	Outfit
Ahrdorf, Germany	B	1918—December 14 to December 15	H
Antweiler, Germany	B	1918—December 14 to December 15	1
Antweiler, Germany	B	1918—December 14 to December 15	A
Antweiler, Germany	B	1918—December 14 to December 15	B
Dorsel, Germany	B	1918—December 14 to December 15	2
Dorsel, Germany	B	1918—December 14 to December 15	C
Dorsel, Germany	B	1918—December 14 to December 15	D
Udelhofen, Germany	B	1918—December 14 to December 15	3
Udelhofen, Germany	B	1918—December 14 to December 15	E
Udelhofen, Germany	B	1918—December 14 to December 15	F
Bruck, Germany	B	1918—December 15 to December 16	P C
Bruck, Germany	B	1918—December 15 to December 16	H
Hönningen, Germany	B	1918—December 15 to December 16	1
Hönningen, Germany	B	1918—December 15 to December 16	A
Hönningen, Germany	B	1918—December 15 to December 16	B
Hönningen, Germany	B	1918—December 15 to December 16	2
Kreuzberg, Germany	B	1918—December 15 to December 16	C
Kreuzberg, Germany	B	1918—December 15 to December 16	D
Kreuzberg, Germany	B	1918—December 15 to December 16	3
Bruck, Germany	B	1918—December 15 to December 16	E
Bruck, Germany	B	1918—December 15 to December 16	F
Bruck, Germany	B	1918—December 15 to December 16	Regiment
Bad-Neuenahr, Germany	B	1918—December 16	

NUMBER OF ROUNDS FIRED ON THE FRONT IN FRANCE BY THE 150TH F. A.

Battery "A"	-----	17,231
Battery "B"	-----	16,407
Battery "C"	-----	14,160
Battery "D"	-----	16,428
Battery "E"	-----	15,273
Battery "F"	-----	13,466
Total	-----	<u>92,965</u>

FIRST SHOTS FIRED BY THE 150TH F. A. IN ACTION.

Battery "C"	-----	March 5, 1918	-----	10:06 A. M.
Battery "D"	-----	March 5, 1918	-----	1:05 P. M.
Battery "E"	-----	March 7, 1918	-----	2:37 P. M.
Battery "A"	-----	March 7, 1918	-----	2:58 P. M.
Battery "B"	-----	March 7, 1918	-----	3:28 P. M.
Battery "F"	-----	March 7, 1918	-----	3:36 P. M.

DIED OF DISEASE

Pvt. Leslie C. Kayser, Ft. Wayne, Ind., died November 23, 1917, Camp Hospital No. 15, Camp Coctquidan.

Pvt. Russell Byrd, Roanoke, Ind., Battery B, died November 29, 1917, Base Hospital No. 101, St. Nazaire.

Pvt. Raymond Hamilton, Rushville, Ind., Battery B, died December 8, 1917, Camp Hospital No. 15, Camp Coctquidan.

Wagoner Howard C. Stahl, Sidney, Ind., Supply Co., died December 14, 1917, Camp Hospital No. 15, Camp Coctquidan.

Wagoner Leonard Sargent, Bedford, Ky., Supply Co., died December 18, 1917, Camp Hospital No. 15, Camp Coctquidan.

Pvt. William O. Douglas, Attica, Ind., Battery A, died December 27, 1917, Base Hospital No. 101, St. Nazaire.

Corp. Leroy H. Crasley, Indianapolis, Ind., Headquarters Co., died March 7, 1918, Camp Hospital No. 15, Camp Coctquidan.

Wagoner Fred C. Taylor, Bippus, Ind., Supply Co., died August 8, 1918, Base Hospital No. 20.

Pvt. Ansel Fatout, Cumberland, Ind., Battery E, died September 19, 1918, Base Hospital No. 22.

Pvt. Herschel Arens, Saratoga, Ind., Battery C, died August 25, 1918, Base Hospital No. 202.

Pvt. Allsey O. Brown, New Orleans, La., Battery F, died October 27, 1918, Base Hospital No. 45.

Pvt., 1st Cl., George Gaines, Shelbyville, Ind., Battery E, died (date unknown), Base Hospital No. 45.

Pvt. Fred W. Sander, Cincinnati, Ohio, Headquarters Co., died December 15, 1918, Prum, Germany.

Pvt. Orville Deinick, Headquarters Co., died February 3, 1919, pneumonia, Evac. Hospital No. 2, Coblenz.

Pvt., 1st Cl., Clare Campbell, Battery E, died February 4, 1919, pneumonia, Evac. Hospital No. 9, Coblenz.

DIED OF DISEASE

Pvt. Riece B. Pennepacher, Battery A, died February 4, 1919, pneumonia, Evac. Hospital No. 9, Coblenz.

Pvt. Stephen M. Chapman, Battery F, died February 7, 1919, Evac. Hospital No. 9.

Pvt. William J. Whettlock, Battery F, died February 8, 1919, lobar pneumonia, Evac. Hospital No. 26, Neuenahr.

Pvt., 1st Cl., Theodore Baumgardt, Battery C, February 8, 1919, bronchial pneumonia, Evac. Hospital No. 9, Coblenz.

Pvt., 1st Cl., Harold J. Ratzel, Att. Vet. Unit, died February, 1919, Germany, Coblenz.

Pvt. Dover Standaredge.

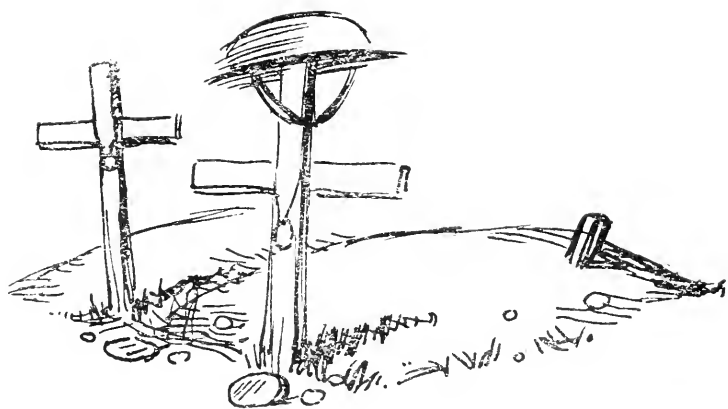
Pvt., 1st Cl., Byron L. Atwood, Battery E, died February 12, 1919, Hospital No. 9.

Pvt. Ralph A. Brunean, Battery D, died February 9, 1919, Hospital No. 2.

Pvt. Rechilo Guati, Battery C, died February 15, 1919, Hospital No. 9.

Pvt. David J. Norris, Battery C, died February 18, 1919, Hospital No. 26, Neuenahr.

Pvt. Richard M. Kennedy, Headquarters Co., died February 8, 1919, Hospital No. 9, Lobar.



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